

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXIX.—No. 736.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1911.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6½D.  
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



MME. LALLIE CHARLES,

THE COUNTESS OF ANCASTER.

39a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: The Countess of Ancaster .. ..	181, 182
The Cry of the Labourers .. ..	182
Country Notes .. ..	183
In Westminster Cloister, by Angela Gordon .. ..	183
Anointed Eyes, by Fay Inchfawn .. ..	184
Hunting with Foot-harriers, by H. A. Bryden. (Illustrated) ..	185
A Fellside Sheep-farm, by G. F. Saul. (Illustrated) ..	187
Agricultural Notes .. ..	189
Tales of Country Life: The Tale of a Teddy Bear, by Hilda L. Dawson ..	191
Memories, by E. L. Darton .. ..	192
A Stolen March, by "Marshman." (Illustrated) .. ..	193
Wild Country Life, by Selon Gordon .. ..	195
Mr. St. George Lilledale's Trophies, by Frank Wallace. (Illustrated) ..	196
Country Home: Skipton Castle.—II. (Illustrated) .. ..	198
Through Birdland Byways .. ..	205
The Cuisine of the Caravan, by "The Romany Raunty" .. ..	206
In the Garden, by K. L. Davidson. (Illustrated) .. ..	207
Literature .. ..	208
Defender of the Faith (Marjorie Bowen); Swiss Mountain Climbs (George D. Abraham); Flashlights on Nature and In Nature's Workshop (Grant Allen); Billy (Paul Methven); Lady Fanny (Mrs. George Norman); The Hand of Diane (J. Hartly).	
Great Dances of the Year, by A. Croxton Smith. (Illustrated) .. ..	210
On the Green. (Illustrated) .. ..	212
Mr. George Grey .. ..	214
Correspondence .. ..	214
Singed Pig (O. Cornish, Ida V. Cotton and X. Farmer); A Tale of a Shark (Lord Archibald Campbell); A Whimbrel (J. Cave Bigley); Westminster Abbey and the Public; Plough Monday (Margaret Meynell); The Labourer's Food; Destruction of Rare Birds (Joseph Collinson); On Stony Ground (G. Wansley Smith); "A Splendid Jump" (H. N. Dickinson); The Choir of St. Paul's; The Canada Jay.	

### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

Those who send photographs are requested to state the price required for reproduction, otherwise when payment is requested it will be made at the usual rates of the journal. Only the actual photographer or owner of the copyright can be treated with.

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All advertisements must be prepaid.

## THE CRY OF THE LABOURERS.

WE shall not apologise for returning to a theme often discussed in these columns, because it is one that makes demands on common humanity and appeals to all, whatever their social or political doctrines may be. The central fact is that in a large number of English counties, particularly in East Anglia, a custom prevails of engaging farm labourers only by the day. What this means has been made very, very apparent during the last four or five months. Townsfolk may not have noticed how continually rainy the mornings have been, but one whose business has taken him abroad in the early hours of those winter days cannot help appreciating the situation fully. Under the grey and dismal dawns which have prevailed the road is a melancholy spectacle. Along it considerable companies of labourers are accustomed to pass. By a very uneconomical arrangement, the inhabitants of one village walk a distance of about three miles to work on land adjoining another village, whence labourers come to till the land at their doors. There is nothing like it in those parts of the country where the farmer engages his men by the year or half-year and allows them to rent a cottage on the farm. This trudging backwards and forwards under the best of circumstances involves a great waste of time and energy which should have been directed to productive work ;

but one feels its melancholy most when, under the weeping rain, companies of very disheartened labourers are seen coming back from places where they work. "Too wet, nothing to do to-day," is the message that has been delivered to them, and so they may spend the weary hours as they will, they can earn nothing in them. Some go to the public-house (though where they get the money to spend is a mystery) and idle the time away over a pot of beer. Others meet for gossip and mischief in various shops and sheds that are open to them. Not a few remain indoors and are a trouble, a nuisance and a hindrance to their womenfolk. Morning after morning such labourers have been turned away exactly as we have described, and with a sullen, dejected air have been seen going home again.

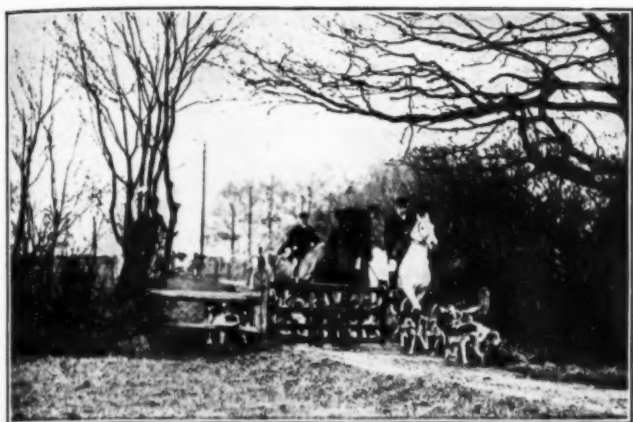
The question then is how far is such a state of things inevitable? We know that it does not prevail over the whole of England, and on very few farms does it obtain so far as all the hands are concerned. There are certain workers who have to do with the livestock—shepherds, horsemen, cattlemen, poultrymen and the like—who are bound to receive regular employment. There are also many employers who have work to which they can set men in any kind of weather. Thus a farmer who makes a speciality of growing seeds has work for his men in the way of cleaning, preparing and packing them ready to take to market. We know of such a farmer whose place is simply like a factory when it rains hard. But on many holdings this is impracticable, and the consequence is that, in spite of the general prosperity, this particular class of farm labourer has been, during the last few months, experiencing abnormal distress. Their wages, as calculated by the Board of Agriculture, amount on an average to something between 16s. and 17s. a week. But what is an average when worked out in the daily life of a household? It means nothing at all. The labourer's wage is never so high as to do much more than pay the current expenses. Of course, we are not denying that there are exceptionally industrious and frugal men who save under the most unpromising conditions; but in all calculations of this kind the average person must be taken into account, and when the man in haytime or harvest makes 27s., 28s., or even 30s. a week, he may increase his average; but that has nothing to do with the actual finances of his household. If extra money does come in, there is always plenty to do with it. Children have been ill-clad and ill-shod, the women have made shift to do without necessary utensils and have done without clothes of which they were greatly in need. The statistician often forgets when working out his average that there are a hundred claims upon expenditure always, and so the extra earning disappears almost as soon as it is realised. When that fact is kept in mind, it will cause some compassion to be felt for the unfortunate wretches who during many weeks of the wettest winter on record have earned nothing. In some cases advances have been made to them by their employers so as to provide enough to keep off starvation, and in many other cases bills have been run up at the local shops; but both of these mean burdens that it will take future labour a long time to get rid of. Another point in this connection forces itself on the attention of those who are really familiar with this kind of labour. It leads directly and indirectly to the encouragement of the tramp and the professional unemployed. Compulsory idleness begets lazy habits that are more easily acquired than got rid of. At certain seasons of the year, professional tramps know very well that they can for the asking obtain work at the farms and enough money to go on with for a few days or even weeks. This casual labour is not good for them. What the outcast loses first are the qualities of application and steady perseverance. These are not encouraged, but the opposite, by the casual job.

It would, indeed, then be an act of kindness to institute a system of hiring similar to that which prevails in the North of England and in Scotland. We believe that on the whole it would be to the benefit of the farmer. At any rate, if he had his regular men all the year round, he would not be so dependent upon the chance labourer. The toiler himself would reap such an obvious benefit that comment on it is unnecessary.

### Our Portrait Illustration.

A PORTRAIT of the Countess of Ancaster forms the subject of our frontispiece this week. The Countess of Ancaster is the daughter of the late W. L. Breese, Esq., of New York. Her marriage took place in 1905.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



## COUNTRY NOTES.

ON Monday Parliament was opened by King George with a fine and stately ceremony. His procession to Westminster was lined with crowds of cheering and enthusiastic subjects, who seemed eager to proclaim that the evil desires of those who had maligned the Sovereign were now recoiling on their own heads. The Royal Speech gains in interest because of the change introduced by King Edward VII. During the reign of Victoria Queen it had become the custom for copies of it to be sent to the leading newspapers overnight, so that they could comment upon it the next morning, although they were compelled to write with a conventional appearance of ignorance. The accepted form was "The Speech may probably contain a reference to so and so," or "The subject of so and so is almost certain to be brought up in the King's Speech." In the days of King Edward, and now in the days of his successor, greater reticence is observed, and the general public knows nothing of the terms of the Speech until they are read by the Sovereign. This undoubtedly conduces to maintain the dignity and interest of the occasion.

Very great regret will be felt in business, as well as in political circles, at the death of Earl Cawdor. After an illness that gave great cause for anxiety from the beginning, he passed away very peacefully in his sleep early on Wednesday morning. Lord Cawdor was one of those men who, after an early life of comparative obscurity, come boldly out and take a high place in public esteem when an extraordinary emergency arises. This, in a nutshell, was Lord Cawdor's history. As far back as 1874 he was returned as member for Carmarthenshire, which he represented till 1885. It was in 1898 that, on the death of his father, he took a seat in the House of Lords. During all these years he had made no great stir as a politician, but had shown extraordinary business capacity as chairman of the Great Western Railway Company. The occasion that called out his latent talent for politics was Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of Tariff Reform. From the moment at which it came to be seriously debated, Lord Cawdor assumed a first place among its protagonists. So fully was this felt that when Mr. Asquith's famous Conference was brought together Lord Cawdor was chosen along with Mr. Balfour, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne to represent the Conservatives.

Nothing could have been more precise, accurate and clear than Mr. Shipley's discourse on grouse disease at the Royal Institution last Friday night; and yet it was calculated to send the poetic fancy of the sportsman roving. Here is a bird, wild and beautiful, that inhabits the open country where the heather grows and "the burnie rows," that breathes the pellucid air of the moor and mountain. It might easily be imagined as health personified; but the cold dissecting eye of science, speaking through the lips of Mr. Shipley, tells us otherwise. The moral of his lecture was that there is no specific grouse disease, but many grouse diseases. This free and active bird is a happy hunting-ground for parasites that infest it both externally and internally, so that it is difficult to procure an absolutely normal and healthy specimen. This is, practically speaking, the result of the investigation, and it makes us look forward with redoubled interest to the issue of the report, since it shows that the grouse are not subject to any mysterious malady that is peculiar to themselves, but only to definite and ascertained

attacks which intelligent moor management might greatly reduce, if not abolish altogether. The report of the Commission, therefore, if it is to be adequate, must in reality be an exhaustive treatise on the management of grouse moors.

The Commission have investigated eight different species of insects and mites which live among the feathers of the grouse, and fifteen different internal parasites. The two diseases which give most trouble are caused by internal parasites, which have been very fully investigated by the Commission. Besides the tapeworms, which are sometimes found in the gut in such numbers that it is difficult to see how food can pass along, a simple, one-celled animal, a Coccidium, burrows into the lining of the alimentary canal and sets up digestive troubles, resulting in acute inflammation of the intestines, and diarrhoea. Young birds are most susceptible to coccidiosis until their sixth week. The other disease, strongylosis, is caused by a minute round worm, which occurs in enormous numbers in the appendices, of which the grouse has two very greatly developed. Strongylosis is at its worst in spring, and recurs in a milder form in the autumn. So it seems that what is wrong with grouse is appendicitis in an acute form. Mr. Shipley thinks that a hopeful view may be taken of the situation, and that the preventive measures suggested in the forthcoming report will go a long way towards stamping out the disease.

The suggestion sent to the newspapers by Professor Simpson deserves careful consideration. Our readers are aware that he has had almost unrivalled experience with plague epidemics and their progress in various parts of the world, and his proposal is eminently practical and sensible. After pointing out that the "black death," which has not visited England for two hundred and fifty years, has eluded the vigilance of the sanitary authorities, and "threatens to become once more endemic." The Local Government Board is not inactive in this emergency. It is employing certain bacteriologists for the examination of animals, and Professor Simpson suggests that they "should publish weekly the kind of animals examined and their number, the localities from which the animals were taken, and the number in each locality which was found infected." It is, practically speaking, imperative that this should be done, otherwise no one who is taking proceedings against the rat will know whether he is only dealing with a common nuisance or with a possible carrier of plague infection.

### IN WESTMINSTER CLOISTER.

Silence and sleep are here, and summer sunshine,  
Where even Grief has made an end of grieving,  
Lest sorrow break their dreamless rest who slumber  
Here in Death's garden.

Peace, Death's handmaiden, guards these sunlit spaces;  
Here are no tears nor any light of laughter,  
Only the music of the world's heart beating  
Sounds through the silence.

ANGELA GORDON.

On Monday evening an influential, if not numerous, meeting was held at the Guildhall, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, to consider means for dealing with the rat nuisance. In the course of the very interesting discussion it was clearly shown that, in the opinion of the scientific and practical men who were there, no adequate means have yet been devised for exterminating the rat. The general opinion seemed to be, in fact, that the old-fashioned method of trapping was as good as any. Probably if trapping were supplemented with ferreting, rats at farm homesteads and other country places could be got rid of. But while taking every possible means to keep down their numbers, it is of the highest consequence to take precautions against the rats' invasion. River-side buildings should be carefully constructed so as to give no harbourage to them. More pains should be taken to prevent the rats from ships getting to land. And at farms and other places where grain, roots and miscellaneous foodstuffs are produced, it should be the business of the architect and the builder to render the food unattainable, while inside the houses the best way to get rid of the vermin is to starve them. If these measures were adopted simultaneously with a determination to act upon every sign of a rat's presence and get rid of him, the numbers would very soon be diminished. The only drawback is that the fecundity of the female rat is so great, one being able to produce no fewer than a thousand young in the course of a year, that ceaseless vigilance for a long time will have to be practised.

During the course of his tour in India, the German Crown Prince must have come across many scenes that were novel to him. But there is no incident likely to be more assertive than that which occurred when he visited the Khyber Pass. The officers



seem to have sprung upon him an agreeable little surprise. He and his party motored up to Landi Kotal under the guidance of the Political Officer, Mr. Maffey, and the escort of the pickets of the Khyber Rifles. After lunch in the Khyber Rifles' mess at Landi Kotal, the party returned. Between Jamrud and Peshawar a complete Khyber movable column that had been mobilised in three hours was met marching to the Khyber rendezvous: "gunners, sappers, British infantry, native cavalry and infantry, supply and transport, medical corps, ammunition carts," says the correspondent, "everything and everybody down to the useful bhisties and their mussels." The rapidity of their movements on the rough ground and the endurance of officers and men seem to have delighted the Crown Prince, who could not have realised beforehand our Imperial task of controlling the lawless tribesmen of the North-Western Frontier.

Much discussion has taken place within the last ten days concerning examination as a test of fitness, and some authorities, like Professor Sadler and Mr. Philip Hartog, seem rather inclined to favour a change, although they express themselves with great caution on the subject. On the other hand, Lord Cromer, who has had an almost unrivalled experience, says that the Civil Service by the present method gets to possess most able and efficient young men. Far from examinations having turned them into machines, he finds them full of initiative, and he is, therefore, no keen advocate, to say the least, of making a change. Professor Sadler suggests that a small Government Commission should be appointed to enquire into the subject; but a Commission, although it is the fashion to recommend one at the present moment as a panacea for any and every ill, is not always so satisfactory as it might be. The plain truth of the matter is, we think, evident enough. Examinations cannot be dispensed with, because without them slackness and laxity would be unchecked; but examinations ought not to be the final test. There are positions which cannot be filled efficiently by those who have simply passed the examiners; situations in which resourcefulness, decision of character and initiative, all qualities that escape the meshes of a test paper, are much needed; and, in addition to passing his examination, the candidate for certain posts ought also to be tried in some way to show his fitness for practical work.

It is not necessarily by making prison life more pleasant that we shall make its influence any better, or any less evil, on those in the cells. It is a thought revolting to civilised human nature that the prisoner must of necessity be yet further lost to hope of a useful social existence as a consequence of his incarceration. But while we seek to render the prison influences less immoral, we need not at the same time weaken the effect of prison hardship. It is no use being sentimental, and it is only right to realise that we wish the prison life to be a hard one. Of necessity punishment is unpleasant. Very *a propos*, although not told at all in this connection, a story is cited by Mr. Sydney Buxton of a boy condemned to be birched, and asking if he might have laughing-gas. The next boy who felt inclined to the offence for which this boy was condemned to his switching would commit it with a deal less fear of the consequences if he knew they were to be alleviated by a soothing anæsthetic. He would be laughing long before he came to the gas. It is possible that by applying too many anæsthetics to what ought to be the hardships of prison life we may be inciting the criminal to the same pleasant humour.

Mr. H. B. Simpson is the Principal Clerk in the Home Office, and it therefore devolved upon him to write an introduction to the Judicial Statistics for England and Wales. This proved the occasion for the supply of some noteworthy observations. Mr. Simpson's discourse throws a welcome light on some aspects of our civilisation. It appears from him that larceny from the person, which we take to be the legal phrase for pocket-picking, is on the decrease, and so are assaults with violence; but more serious offences tend to multiply. The thief of to-day does not put so much dependence on his jemmy as did Bill Sykes, nor does he attend a school of pocket-picking such as Fagin kept, but prepares more elaborate schemes, and aims at far more important captures. Education seems to be bringing with it a growth of the graver offences. Our forefathers, if they caught a man stealing, punished, perhaps even hanged, him; whereas the inclination of many people to-day is to find out the disease which caused the crime. Thus kleptomania, dipsomania and many other manias are substituted for the original sin which was judged to be sufficient explanation by a ruder generation.

It is difficult to sympathise with those who are advocating that the tercentenary of the Authorised Version should be

celebrated by making a new translation of the Bible. Professor Moulton is the most plausible of the many advocates of this. He says that "to be true to its own history the English Bible of the twentieth century should be in the purest and most idiomatic English of the present day"; and he goes on to argue that Tyndale tried simply to carry out his great ambition that "a boy that driveth the plough" might "know the Scripture." So he says the translators of King James were true to the idea and only too successful, "for after three centuries their language has become a fetish, and it has been laid down as an axiom that we must honour a great classic by deliberately abandoning the principle which accounts for its success." We have called this argument plausible, and it is nothing more than that. The translators of King James lived in a period when English was at its high-water mark. A study of the Tudor translations issued some years ago will show that this applies not to one book only, but to many. Would Professor Moulton assert that we live in a period anything like so favourable? If so, whose is the language into which he would like to see the Bible translated? Tyndale was no such literalist as to use the uncouth tongue of the yokels of his own time, as may be easily seen by comparing the majestic language of the translation with the speech of the clowns in Shakespeare's plays.

#### ANointed EYES.

FIRST BUD. It cannot be, and yet I surely heard  
A voice that called to me; a whispered word,  
Which said, "Come forth"—

SECOND BUD. I too have heard it—I—

THIRD BUD. 'Twas the Wind singing as he fluttered by.  
He bids us all begin our sweet unfolding,  
Our time of love, when we at last beholding  
The tender sky, the sunny scented days—

CATKINS (*swinging in the breeze*).  
Ah, no, no, NO! Among the woodland ways  
The mist wreaths linger; all is brown and bare,  
Yet piercing sweet, through this dark sunless air,  
On yonder Elm the Thrush sits singing—singing!  
FIRST BUD. 'Twas he! 'Twas he! Who set the hedgerow ringing,  
With tales of fragrant lanes, and orchard closes,  
Of dear dog-violets, and pale primroses.  
Fond foolish Thrush—yet men have called him  
"wise"—

THE STREAM (*in an undertone*).  
Hush! know you not? He has anointed eyes!  
FAY INCHFAWN.

Lord Hawke seems to have quite a genius for infusing interest into meetings of cricket clubs and their councils, and out of Yorkshire there is always coming some new thing. Now he has a resolution that in view of the triangular duel of 1912, when Australia, South Africa and the Mother Country will be testing their cricketing merits mutually, county matches shall be reduced in duration to two days, and that in case of such matches left unfinished they shall be reckoned as decided by the first innings. Seeing what a big programme of first-class cricket there will be to get through, this is a good suggestion, and, moreover, it will be interesting to see, on their own merits, how these experiments work out. Of course, this idea of limiting the county matches to two days did not originate here. We heard of it at the conference of the county secretaries, but it is now given a greater prominence and authority. That Lord Hawke regards the experiment as a temporary expedient merely in the meantime is indicated by a further resolution, also passed at the committee meeting of the Yorkshire Club, that the whole question be reconsidered again in September of 1912, that is to say, when the triple contest is done.

Mr. A. C. Benson, writing from Magdalene College, Cambridge, has delivered himself of a grumble because the leaves of all new books are not cut. He says he has to read so many of them, and he finds minute after minute of precious time wasted when the leaves have to be cut. If he takes up a new volume at a bookstall, "I have to separate it page by page with a railway ticket, or a toothpick, or an envelope, or, failing all, with an inserted finger." Perfectly true; but is not this the view of the professional literary man? Take the leisured book-lover sitting down at ease in his armchair with his cigarette or his cigar, a man to whom hurry of any kind is obnoxious in the extreme; he loves to enjoy life, and enjoy it as though eternity were stretched in front of him. To him there is a certain pleasure in the using of his paper-knife. It gives him time to take a whiff of tobacco; it provides one of those pauses which Shakespeare, that master of narrative, so cunningly provides in his plays; and it adds something to the freshness of his reading to know that he is the first to explore those fair realms of paper. He is by no means so fond of the cut leaves as is Mr. Benson.



## HUNTING WITH FOOT-HARRIERS.



J. Coster.

A FINE LEAP BY A FOOT-HUNTSMAN.

Copyright.

THE man or woman who hunts on foot with February beagles must be fairly athletic and in hard condition to be able to witness most of the fun. But hunting with a pack of foot-harriers calls for even greater demands on the physique of those who follow this form of chase. Harriers are, of course, considerably greater in stature than beagles and go faster. Beagles average from fourteen to fifteen inches; but harriers, do what you will to keep down their standard, are very seldom found measuring less than from eighteen to nineteen inches. The majority run from nineteen to twenty-one inches, and here and there you may find among the old-fashioned packs, which throw back to the tall and heavy Old Southern ancestry, hounds ranging from twenty-three to twenty-six inches. The Rev. Morgan Kirby, for instance, who owns, masters and hunts the Badlesmere Harriers, which are hunted on foot in the country near Faversham, has for some years bred solely from Old Southern blood

and the very similar blue-mottled Northern hare-hound found in the Penistone, and one or two other ancient packs. His hounds, which average about twenty-five inches, seem gigantic for foot hunting, yet he and his field manage to keep with them and to kill plenty of hares in his East Kent country. These big, heavy Southern hounds are, however, not so fast as the modern Stud Book harriers fashionable among mounted men, which consist largely of foxhound blood, and are, many of them, in fact, as fast as real foxhounds. To enjoy a hare-hunt in the old-fashioned manner, where the hare is not too much

bustled and has time to display all those tricks and subterfuges of which she has so large an assortment, it is far better to employ the old-fashioned harrier blood, in which nose and cry have not been too much sacrificed to pace. Beckford, who wrote one hundred and thirty years ago, well says, "I think you will agree with me, that it is a fault in a pack of harriers to go too fast; for a hare is a little timorous animal that we cannot help feeling



J. Coster.

FULL CRY.

Copyright.

compassion for, at the very time when we are pursuing her destruction; we should give scope to all her little tricks, not kill her foully and overmatched. Instinct instructs her to make a good defence when not unfairly treated; and I will venture to say that, as far as her own safety is concerned, she has more cunning than the fox, and makes many shifts to save her life far beyond his artifice."

In hunting the hare with foxhound blood she is too much hustled, and, driven to run straight away, is often burst up in twenty minutes. This is not my idea of hare-hunting. A good hare-hunt, in which the quarry has leisure to employ some of those tricks and devices of which she is a past-mistress, should, in my humble opinion, be not less than forty minutes in duration; and a perfect hunt, with a real stout hare, may well endure from an hour to an hour and a-half. The fact is that, as is the case with fox-hunting, hare-hounds hunted on horseback have been consistently bred faster in order to afford better galloping to impatient horsemen. This system—for hare-hunting—is, in my judgment, altogether wrong. In a fox-hunt, where the quarry goes to earth if he can, you must hurry all the way; a hare, on the contrary, is always above ground, and the faster you push her, the more quickly she is killed and the worse run she affords. For real hare-hunting it is little less than a mockery to employ fast, well-bred hunters.

twenty-three to twenty-seven inches—actually bigger than foxhounds—and are mostly of blue-mottle colouring. They have magnificent voices, and show great sport in the pastures, ploughs, marshes and hop gardens of North-East Kent. The Clifton are a pack of eighteen couples of sixteen and a-half inch Stud Book harriers, which hunt over a good country, most of it pasture, in the shires of Gloucester and Somerset. The Crickhowell, a capital pack of hare-hounds, which owe much of their excellence to that good sportsman and scholar and judge of a hound, the late Mr. J. A. Doyle, number fifteen couples. They are pure harriers, and carry on operations in the South of Breconshire. Since Mr. Doyle's death, Mr. E. Pirie-Gordon has been Master of these hounds. The Cumberland Brampton are a small but sporting pack of ten couples of pure-bred nineteen-inch harriers, which hunt a fine, wild country of grass and moorland in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. The Darlington, which hunt in South Durham, are a pack of twelve couples of seventeen-inch pure harriers. They are mastered by a committee, and hunt over a country of which one-third is pasture and two-thirds plough. The Fordcombe, a small pack of ten couples of eighteen-inch harriers of the old-fashioned type, carry on operations in Sussex and Kent, in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells. The Hadlow, a smart pack of eighteen couples of Stud Book harriers, averaging nineteen inches, hunt round Hadlow,



J. Coster.

ALMOST OVER.

Copyright.

A handy cob is much more suitable. My friend Mr. Morland Greig, who owns and hunts one of the smartest packs of harriers in the country—the Quarme, which pursue hares mainly on Exmoor—never troubles about bustling his horse when out with his hounds. He leaves his pack severely alone for the most part—true harriers hunt themselves perfectly when left to their own devices—and canters leisurely after them, only giving them a helping hand when they are absolutely at fault. I have seldom seen better hare-hunting than with this pack. Yet anyone who knows the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds is well aware that, in the pursuit of the wild red deer, Mr. Greig is one of the boldest and most forward sportsmen on Exmoor.

At the present day, in addition to the sixty odd packs of beagles which hunt in England, there are at least a dozen or more packs of harriers that are also hunted on foot and afford wonderfully good sport to their followers. These are the Badlesmere, Clifton, Crickhowell, Cumberland Brampton, Darlington, Fordcombe, Hadlow, Hailsham, North Montgomeryshire, Sandhurst, Stannington and Stockton. The Windermere Harriers, which hunt a good deal over rough, wild and hilly country, have to be followed on foot for the most part; they are, however, ridden to every third week in the Cark district. The Badlesmere I have already spoken of. They consist of fifteen and a-half couples of big Southern hounds, ranging from

Kent, in the neighbourhood of Tonbridge; Mr. J. P. Hervey is the Master and Mr. W. G. Simmons the huntsman. The Hailsham are a fine, old-fashioned pack of Southern harriers, showing a great deal of the now rare blue-mottle strain. They have a history of something like ninety years, and are probably a better pack now than they have ever been. It is a real pleasure to hunt with these hounds, to hear the music of their full, deep-tongued chorus, and to see them pursue and kill a hare, especially in their Pevensy Marsh country, where their fine hunting qualities are best displayed. After hearing a "cry" of Old Southern harriers, the note of the foxhound seems curiously thin and sharp. Their Master, Mr. Alexander Campbell, who hunts them himself, is a great performer over any kind of country. The Hailsham pack number some forty-two couples, and average from twenty to twenty-two inches. The North Montgomeryshire, a pack established by Mr. H. Connop, a member of a well-known West Country hunting family, some seven years since, are Stud Book harriers, and in the last few years have taken prominent places at Peterborough Hound Shows. They are as good in the field as on the show-bench, and afford great sport in the neighbourhood of Llanfyllin. They are eighteen-inch hounds and muster sixteen couples. Mr. Connop, having brought his pack to great perfection, is, one is sorry to hear, giving up the country at the end of this season.



The Sandhurst consist of fifteen couples of twenty-one-inch Old English harriers, which hunt under the Mastership of Mr. James Farley. Their country lies in the Weald of Kent, their kennels being at Rolvenden. The Sandhurst favour the true Old Southern type. The Stannington are an old-established pack, whose ancestors have hunted in Yorkshire and Derbyshire for one hundred and fifty years. They number twelve couples of Old English harriers, of from twenty to twenty-two inches, and are kennelled at Stannington, near Sheffield. Captain F. Revell-Sutton is the Master. The Stockton, a foot-pack hunting in the neighbourhood of Stockton-on-Tees, are Stud Book harriers of seventeen and a-half inches. They number fifteen couples, and are under the Mastership of Mr. E. C. Faber. My list closes with the Windermere Harriers, a pack of eighteen-inch harriers numbering sixteen couples, which have for Master Mr. W. Bruce Logan. With all these packs of foot-harriers, some of the best sport in England is enjoyed. The man who pursues hare on foot not only sees a great deal more of the real science of hunting than the average fox-hunter, but, from the fact that he can penetrate everywhere and hunt in every kind of country—mountain, moorland, marsh and the deepest woodland places, where the horseman is often completely baffled—he is the

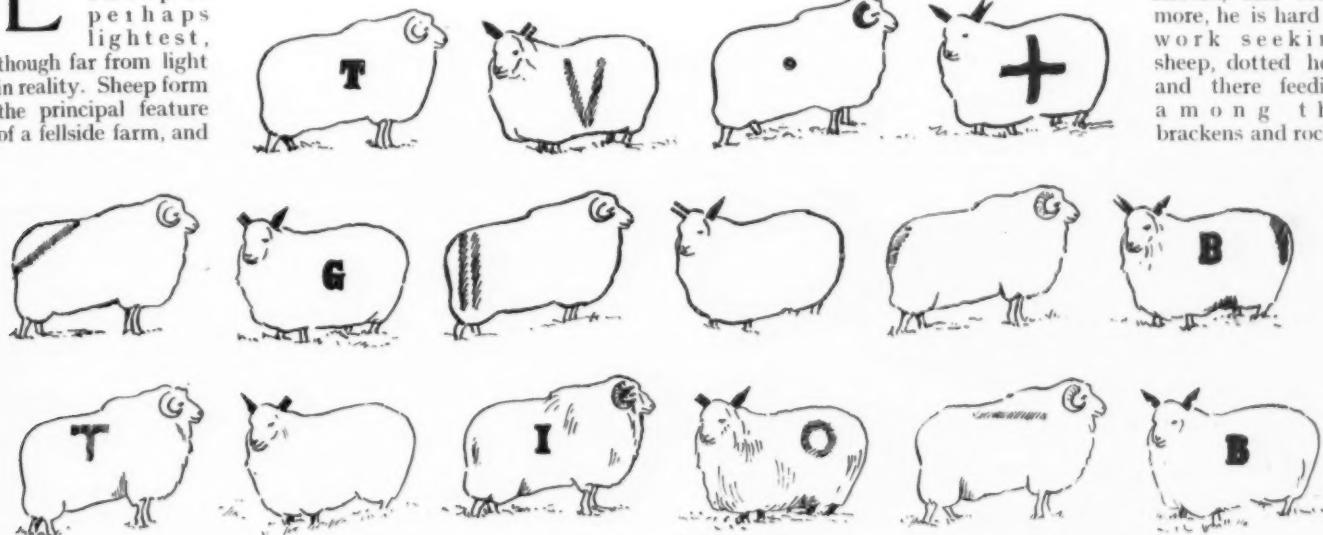
witness of many interesting scenes from which the mounted sportsman is debarred. To him Nature, even in her wildest and most entrancing aspects, can deny nothing. He can scale the heights of the Lakeland fells or of wild Wales; he can cross well-dyked marshes, quite inaccessible to horsemen; even the salt sea is not an obstacle to his ardour. The other day, in a run with a well-known South of England pack, we had a fine chase over a big marsh country. During this run I saw a flight of wild geese passing overhead; snipe and wild duck got up before the chase; many curious wading birds were to be seen along the ooze of a tidal stream as we hunted behind the sea wall. Out in the Channel, a couple of hundred yards from shore, were at least a couple of hundred scoters—black duck, as they are called locally—resting on the tide. Finally, the pack, by a singular chance, had two hares in front of them, and, driving them both to sea, they captured one, while the other swam yet further out and sank. Our gallant Master, bent on saving one of his hunted hares, swam to his hounds and succeeded in his object. Hare-hunting on foot is, in truth, not only a great test of fitness and stamina, but yields many incidents, many rare moments, which seem to be almost unattainable in any other kind of chase.

H. A. BRYDEN.

## A FELLSIDE SHEEP-FARM.

EVERY season of the year has its duties for man and dog; and in February work day by day among the sheep is perhaps lightest, though far from light in reality. Sheep form the principal feature of a fellside farm, and

occasionally stopping to look or listen, as the case may be, for sign or whistle from his master. For half-an-hour at a stretch, and often more, he is hard at work seeking sheep, dotted here and there feeding among the brackens and rocks,



SOME SHEEP-MARKS.

these, especially Herdwicks, need all the care and attention the shepherd can bestow on them. His duty lies constantly on the hillside, with his companions his faithful dogs. The sheep which are his charge are scattered on the fellside, and have to be constantly "looked" and periodically "gathered." How could these now sufficiently heavy tasks be accomplished without the aid of the dog? A whistle, or "Get away out, Laddie," and a quiet wave of the man's hand, and away he goes at a stealing canter, threading his way around rocks and over crags and scree,

and working them gradually towards the shepherd far above him on the skyline, and he may have to repeat the process

at intervals for nine or ten hours on end. Once collected, it is wonderful how soon one experienced dog will keep a large number of sheep together while his master "looks" them and catches and deals with such as require treatment.

The shepherd's dog language is peculiar to the district.

"Get away out": Speaks for itself.

"Come to me": Means not as it implies, "come to heel,"



FODDERING ON THE FELL.

but is used when the dog is wanted to fetch sheep up to his master.

"Coo' nar" ("come near"): Used when the shepherd wants sheep already close to be brought nearer still.

"Dista": Abbreviation for "Do you hear." Used when chiding an impetuous dog.

"Laddie mine" or "Spark mine": The word "mine" is frequently used after the name.

For distance work the whistle is the invariable signal on any necessity arising. When the dog is bringing sheep in and the shepherd sees he has missed some, he gives a peculiar shrill whistle, which the dog obeys instantly by turning back. He does not go straight back on his old tracks, however, but in the segment of a circle, so as to get behind (Cumberland—"forset") the truants.

The farm we have in mind is more than sufficient to take all the time of the staff, but work with sheep forms its principal feature. It includes an occasional "rake" over the fell to see that all is right, and "foddering" daily, which consists in carrying some four or five stone weight of hay up the fell on your back to a convenient centre for the respective heafs or grazing-ground. But when windy weather and snowstorms come, the sternest work of the year is at hand for the shepherd. Taught by experience, he must search exposed places where sheep looking for shelter are likely



TOSS WAITING FOR ORDERS.

to get overblown; and here it is that the value of a clever dog comes in.

It is by no means common for a sheepdog to work by scent; and one who has learned to do so, and so to find sheep buried in snowdrifts, is worth his weight in gold to his owner. His mode of work is to search all likely places to which he is guided partly by his instinct, partly by his master's experience.

Should his nose tell him there are sheep buried, he immediately begins to whine and scratch; his master takes the hint, and he and his mate (for it is not safe to work singly in such weather) set to work with their spades to dig down and release the imprisoned sheep—a heavy and sometimes dangerous task, and often, alas, too late in the end!

Towards the end of April the lambing ewes are "gathered," as we call it in Lakeland, and brought slowly and tenderly down to the

lower pastures to stay till their maternal troubles are over, and from the latter part of May until the end of June the shepherd is hardly ever on the fells. His time is fully occupied among the ewes in the pastures. When the lambs have all arrived and grown strong on their legs, they and their mothers are taken to their respective "heafs" on the fells, the lambs having first been "lug" marked with the same hieroglyphic as their respective parents. These marks are of great



LADDIE ON DUTY.

antiquity, and consist of various designs stamped or cut out of the ear, and in addition there is generally a "stroke" or "sword" or an initial painted on the sheep's body in red ochre. The sketches show a few of these, which are registered in a book published periodically, known as "Gate's Shepherds' Guide."

Until recently each of the principal dales had its own numerals, up to a score, for counting sheep, though—more's the pity—this ancient custom has fallen into disuse. The following are the respective numerals for Borrowdale and Eskdale:

Borrowdale.	Eskdale.
1. Yan	Yaena
2. Tyan	Taena
3. Tethera	Teddera
4. Methera	Meddera
5. Pimp	Pimp
6. Sether	Hofa
7. Lether	Lofa
8. Hover	Seckera
9. Dover	Leckera
10. Dick	Dec
11. Yan-a-dick	Yan-a-dec
12. Tetheradick	Tedder-a-dec
13. Bumfit	Bumfit
14. Yan-a-bumfit	Ya-en-a-bumfit
15. Giggot	Giggot

Giggot is still in use among drovers and dealers.



FODDERING UNDER SUPERVISION.

Another general "gathering" takes place about the first week in July, this time for clipping, and a hard day's work it means, but a very interesting one to the looker-on. The sheep are not driven all day from the time they are found; this would exhaust them unduly and make an already "tewsome" day more "tewsome" still for men and dogs. The *modus operandi* of gathering sheep is as follows: The sheep, as found, are



pushed in detachments to what is termed the "gathering-ground," i.e., one of those flats or tracts of "plain ground" which occur here and there on the hills. These sheep will usually remain thereabouts for some hours, if not disturbed, while the shepherd and his dogs gradually bring down those from the further-away heafs. From the gathering-ground the different flocks, united towards evening in one solid army, are slowly and surely pushed down the shoulder of the fell, and so on to the old peat track and homewards. As they creep reluctantly towards the fold, the pranks of the lambs do not tend, as may be imagined, to make the progress any easier. It is interesting on these occasions to watch a veteran collie quietly steal along the high side of the sheep, occasionally showing himself in advance as a hint that he is up to the tricks of the law-breakers. So they are gradually driven on to the fold, there to be impounded and inspected, and wandering strangers from other fells, of which there is always a percentage, sorted out and put back on to the fell till next "shepherds' meeting," of which more later, any sickly ones with bad fleeces belonging to the farm also being turned adrift. It is here where the old and experienced collies, a little slower and shorter-winded on the open fell than formerly perhaps, show the value of their knowledge of the ways of sheep and of their duties, and it is curious, as it is interesting, to note their increasing care and anxiety as the familiar fold at the foot of the fell is neared. They watch with jealousy every movement of the great mass of sheep, coaxing, pushing, forcing them as occasion requires in the right direction till they are at length gathered, a bleating, nervous crowd, outside the fold. Gradually they are contracted till they are wedged outside the narrow entrance, and the leaders at last, doubtfully, and often after much delay and trouble, pass inside, the rest follow one by one as is sheep nature, and they are all penned. Immediately the last one is safely through the opening, one of the Solomons sits himself down in front of the entrance, a sentinel on duty, and a bold and active sheep it will be who will pass him.

One of the most interesting bits of work to see when this sorting is going on is a dog making a dash into a large flock of sheep and single out a particular one which the shepherd has pointed out to him, force it out from the rest, and so manoeuvre as to bring it within reach of the stick of his master, who, with the deftness of long practice, catches it with his crook round the fore leg or neck and so captures it.

Next morning work starts betimes, for four to five hundred sheep require clipping, and outside assistance is imperative. The flock-master fixes his clipping day well in advance, and twenty to thirty friends and neighbours will turn up to help, each with his shears. The day passes, with steady hard work, a good substantial dinner and tea and much chaff interspersed. When the last sheep is relieved of its five pounds or so of wool, the clippers retire to the kitchen for a bite of supper and a crack before trudging off to their respective hillside dwellings, darkness falls, and nothing is heard but the continual complaining of the mothers and wailing of babies in the "intake."

Two lighter events in the flock-master's life, but both important ones in their way, are the "shepherds' meetings" and the ram shows. The former take place at old landmarks in different parts of the Lake Country, fixed upon many generations ago. The object of these meetings is to enable the various sheep-farmers and shepherds to hand over to the respective owners sheep which have strayed from their heafs. The animals are identified by the lug marks and the "swords" or "strokes." Apart from business the day is a mild jollification, interspersed with songs, a certain amount of whisky and much talk of sheep and sheep matters. The ram show is, as the name implies, an exhibition of rams or "tips"; but its useful purpose is to enable farmers to exchange or hire rams for the coming season, to ensure what is so essential for the health and stamina of their flock—a change of blood each season.

G. F. SAUL.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

### PURCHASING SEED CORN.

NOW that Candlemas Day is over, those of us who are farming arable land are planning and preparing for sowing spring corn and seeds. In the term "seeds" are included the various varieties of clovers, sainfoins and grasses that are generally drilled in with oats and barleys. The cold, wet summer of 1910 is still fresh in everyone's memory; and farmers, especially those occupying heavy land, will not forget it for many years. Those agriculturists who in consequence of the inclement season failed to make a profit last year are hoping for better weather and paying crops in 1911. To ensure satisfactory crops it is necessary for them to sow seed that germinates well and which comes of good stock. Although everyone knows this, yet thousands of sacks of damaged and inferior corn and seeds will be sown this spring. Most of the best barleys have been turned into cash and are in the hands of maltsters or brewers. Those that

"heated" in the stack or sprouted in the field are the barleys that, as a rule, are now held by the growers. Sound seed barley will be dear, and many farmers who are obliged to economise will sow some of this rubbish because it fetches a low price on the market. Clovers and sainfoins, too, are sure to be very expensive. I live in a locality where many acres of these crops are usually harvested. The acreage of all descriptions of "seeds" that were secured in good condition last year was below the average, and the yield and quality are bad. I am fully aware that many farmers will be hard pressed for funds until after next harvest; but I wish to emphasise the fact that the sowing of cheap inferior seed is false economy. It is not necessary to sow the bright-coloured barley, worth from thirty-three shillings to forty shillings per quarter, or the large purple-coloured clover seed that fetches a fancy price. Barleys and oats that have been weathered and lost their colour, or red clover seed which is of a brown shade, will do equally well for seed, provided they are tested and germinate well and come of a good stock. I would rather sow good seed and plant less per acre than use inferior seed and drill a larger quantity than usual. When deciding on the variety of seed corn that is to be grown, every man must judge for himself. My advice to farmers is, keep to the descriptions that have given the best return per acre on your farm, or on similar land in your neighbourhood, in the past. A particular breed of grain which gives good results in one county may turn out badly in the next. By all means experiment with new varieties, but try a few acres on your own farm at first, and remember one year's trial is not always a guide. In trying experiments with seed corn, especially if a fancy price is paid for it, one is apt to err on the side of giving it too good a chance. The seed is so costly that one is tempted to plant a comparatively small plot on the best land, or to treat it to an extra dose of manure. If one's object is simply to raise as large a stock of grain as possible for future sowing, by all means adopt such measures, so as to ensure success; but such a system is not a fair experiment.

W.

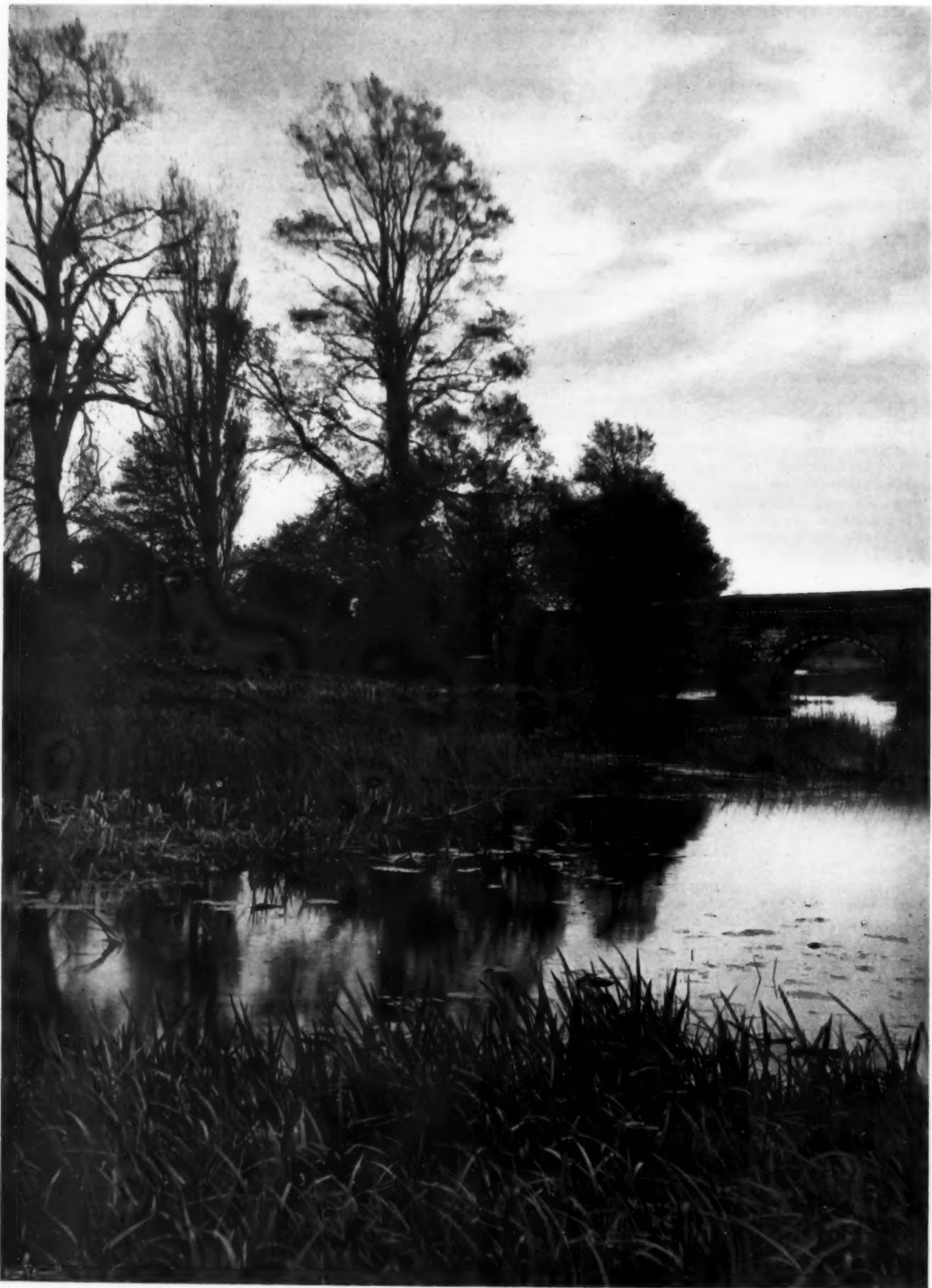
### ARE WE PRODUCING LESS EGGS?

I have had a hand in looking after hens and their nests when neither were considered such an adjunct of farm life as they are to-day; I have since helped in swelling the interest in the poultry movement, noted the case of egg over-production, when eggs at twenty to twenty-four a shilling were practically unsaleable commodities; and have been again adequately remunerated for care in getting a supply of winter eggs. Never before have I experienced such a demand for winter eggs as during the past few months, and prices have been all right. Now, when the world is being literally scraped for eggs, one would scarcely have expected such a strong demand for eggs at home. This, naturally, gives origin to the idea that home production is not what it was. In travelling about the country I see much to confirm this idea. The farmyards are less crowded with poultry than in the old corn-growing days. True, there may be more houses out in the fields, but these are generally small and seldom accommodate more than a score of laying hens. And in the majority of instances these are not so productive of eggs as they were. It is well known that five or six years ago the Mediterranean breeds were in the zenith of their fame, but they made very poor table birds, and an endeavour to remedy this was the introduction of the Indian Game. This was an improvement as regards the first cross of table birds, but the next cross brought about a diminished egg supply. And it is very certain that now the average farmyard hen is not such a prolific layer as was her ancestress of half-a-dozen years since. In addition, the feed, despite what has been done by county council and other lecturers, is not so good. It seems likely that we shall experience a scarcity of eggs until the utility poultry once again finds its way back to the farmyards.

### THE SWINE FEVER REGULATIONS.

It is very evident that the pig and swine fever problem is far from solved, and farmers are beginning to get decidedly restless at the prevailing condition of affairs. In the cheese-making districts as soon as the spring days begin to open, a demand at once springs up for strong store pigs, and there is a difficulty in obtaining them. To the average small holder it does not pay to fatten winter pigs. Those that are farrowed in October and November, when weaned, are kept on as runners, rather to grow frames than flesh, and to be able to take on the cheese-makers' first whey. As is well known, very young pigs cannot stand this, and "hard" pigs are an absolute necessity to the Cheddar cheese-maker. It has been usual for the labourer to take his pigs to the local saleyard or market early in the year, but now the regulations are such that he cannot seek public competition by exposing them for auction in a non-infected area. The regulations are that pigs so exposed are not to be brought into contact with other swine, and not removed from the place where they are taken for a period of twenty-eight days. Even if the original owner finds prices unsatisfactory and takes the pigs home again, or if he disposes of them, the same applies. But if the owner just catches his pigs, puts them in a cart and drives to the nearest public-house to the saleyard and offers his pigs for sale, he can hawk them around for a week, or as long as he likes, and no restrictions are put upon his pigs' perambulations so long as they do not ramble into an adjacent county or into a swine fever "affected" area. True, infection may be there, but why should farmers have such large cordons drawn around? It may be remarked that there is a Departmental Committee sitting to enquire into swine fever; but long before its report appears this year's store pig trade will be crippled, as a store pig rarely pays for rearing after the summer trade is passed.

E. W.

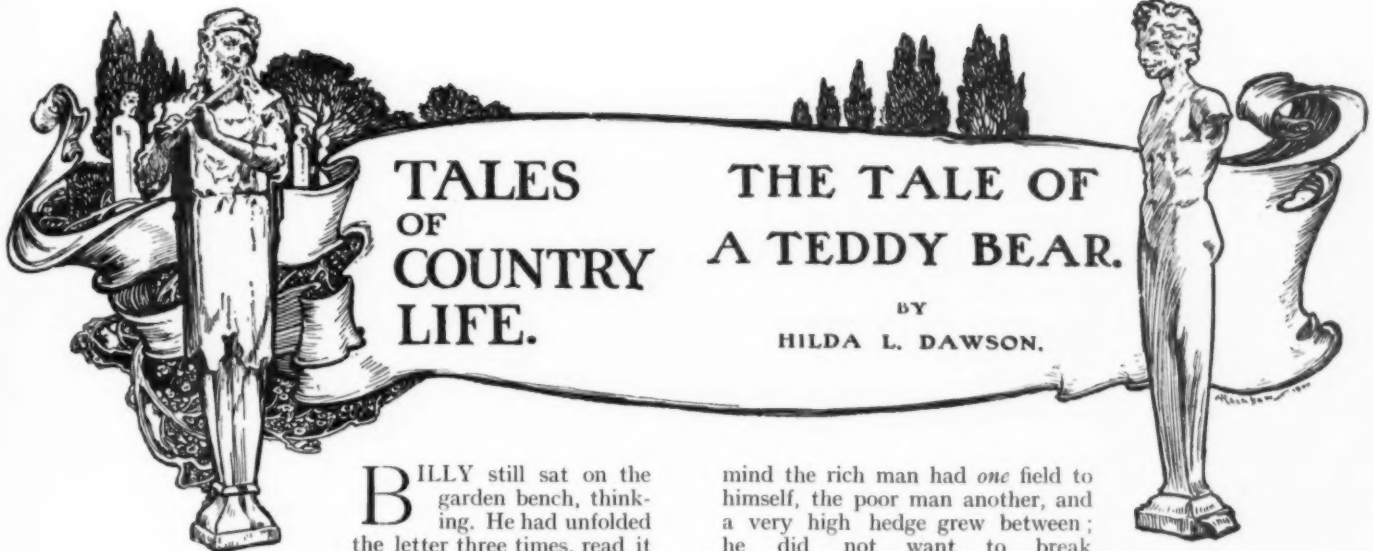


M. C. Collam.

THE UPPER REACHES.

Copyright.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE TALE OF A TEDDY BEAR.

BY  
HILDA L. DAWSON.

BILLY still sat on the garden bench, thinking. He had unfolded the letter three times, read it three times, refolded it, put it

back in his coat pocket and taken it out again three times. He was an old man and might have made a mistake, so he began the round once more, for the fourth time, when the sound of Patsy's crutches on the frozen path made him pause and look up.

He buried the crumpled piece of paper in his huge, horny palm. If he *must* endure it, the little mistress should not know. For then she might say, "You must not work in my garden any more," and *that* would be the end of Billy.

"I saw the postman give you a letter," the child cried, "and ever since you've been sitting there wondering. Is it something very nice? Is it a secret? Oh, Billy, *do* tell me! I should so love to have a secret!"

Certainly the old man looked like secrets. Patsy had seen him slip the letter into his pocket. Now he stood sheepishly before her, fidgeting and scratching his head.

"It's a reg'lar noonsance, Missie," he said, at last, "but nothink for *you* to be bothered with, anyways."

Patsy's eyes became very grave. "Are *you* going to be bothered then, Billy?" she asked. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, we didn't want any bothers here, did we?"

Billy's heart beat proudly at that moment. He loved to know that *he* was the other half of Patsy's "we." So he drew in a very long breath and gazed at the prim box edgings of the path in silence, and the little girl sat herself down on the bench and anxiously considered the matter.

"You're not going away, Billy?" she said, at last.

The old man looked at the quaint little face, puckered now into one big frown, and then he did not bother any more. For he was quite sure the look on that face meant she would mind very badly if he went away, and could anything be more splendid than that she should want him? He beamed under his shaggy eyebrows.

"I'm not goin' away, Missie," he cried; "an' this letter it won't be no more bother to me neither." He drew it from his pocket, tore it in pieces and flung them on the border behind him. Patsy laughed happily.

"I'll dig 'em in to-morrow," he said, and gave a huge chuckle too. It was such a relief to have settled so knotty a point in this quick, decisive way.

Someone rapped sharply on a window overlooking the garden, and Patsy moved from the bench.

"There's Susan," she said; "it must be teatime. Tell me about it to-morrow when you're digging them in, won't you?"

Billy pulled a grey lock to her, but didn't answer, and the child swung up the path back to the house as fast as crutches would let her.

Billy looked at the vanishing figure, then at the fragments of paper, then slowly shook his head. That was really his answer to Patsy, for he was quite determined never to tell her what was written in that letter. But somehow he couldn't get away from the spot; he could not take his eyes off those scraps of paper. So he sat down on the bench again, and began showing himself how right he had been in throwing the thing from him.

Billy did not want his little world changed. He was far on in his seventies, and could not—could not—start over again. If he answered that letter, then he would have to be a rich man, and wear a silk hat and gloves, and perhaps go and sit in a front pew at church every Sunday. He was no Socialist; in his

mind the rich man had *one* field to himself, the poor man another, and a very high hedge grew between; he did not want to break through it and stand on the other side. He liked *his* field best because Patsy was in it and Patsy's garden.

For Billy loved the cripple child with pathetic tenacity; it was *her* mother who thirty years ago had been the only one not to turn from him when he came out of prison after the poaching affair.

He remembered so well how she had led him up that same garden path with the stiff box edging on either side and the blaze of summer flowers beyond. The scent of the roses, the wondrous blue larkspurs which seemed to sway towards him from their tapering height to tell him how splendid it was to be alive, the free, open air, and this girl with the long flaxen plaits, all bewildered him; and she had made him sit down by her side on this same bench while she told him how she wanted him to come and be her gardener.

*Her* name was Patsy too, and later on her father had appeared, and gruffly engaged him, but Billy knew it was the fair girl with the plaits who had made him do it, and so he worshipped her accordingly.

Now she was dead, and the old father too, and the man she had married late in life. Only her little Patsy was left, and to her belonged the little, low house at the end of the path and the fairyland garden, all roses and larkspurs, and the old, old gardener.

Guardians kept all in order, even to paying Billy every week. They would have liked to do without him, for they said he could do so little, and money was scarce, but by the will of the dead parents Billy was never to be sent away, so wherever else they saved for Patsy's future they could not do it there.

Billy knew they *did* save too, and as he pondered over their ways his queer old brain lighted on the astounding idea that perhaps there were all sorts of things Patsy wanted and that she was not allowed to have. He could not imagine what anyone might want beside food and a bed to sleep on and a garden to dig and delve in, with its summer flowers and autumn leaves; but he was an old man looking back on life, and she a little girl looking forward, and it might be these things were not enough.

It was an uncomfortable thought, so he got up and crossed the path to where the torn paper still lay. He must have that American lawyer's address. After all, he might have some use for the money.

But it was dark now, and Billy was stiff with cold; he could not see the white fragments, and he could not bend to look. He was angry with himself for not having thought of it before, and he made his way down the path and home to Eliza, feeling that now perhaps he had lost his one chance of paying his debt to the first Patsy.

Billy had not thought of Eliza when he cast the fortune from him, and he did not do so now. This does not mean any lack of affection or thought for his old woman, but he knew that she, like himself, had borne no love for this brother of his who had just died beyond the seas, and that neither of them would want to touch his money. Besides, Eliza only had one tooth, and was quite happy mumbling over her crust of bread dipped in sweet tea; all the gold and silver in the world would not have made her happier.

So when he reached the cottage and found her knitting as usual over the fire he did not even tell her what had happened. He only longed for the morning to come, when it would be

light and perhaps his stiff, old limbs would not be quite so stiff, and he would be able to bend and pick up the scattered pieces.

But Billy could not pick them up in the morning. He was very stiff, and felt much older than the day before, but that was not the reason. They had all gone. A heavy storm had shaken the trees that night, torn the last dead leaves away and swept them helter-skelter over the hard ground; the wild wind had pounced on the little bits of white paper too, raced them round and round the garden, and tossed them he knew not where.

Patsy was grieved to find her old friend so gloomy and silent. She thought that, now he had dug the offending letter in, he ought to forget it and be quite happy again. She had a catalogue of toys under her arm; perhaps he might smile if she showed him the picture she loved best. So she followed him to the hedge which he was clipping.

"Look, Billy," she said, "have you ever seen a Teddy Bear?"

The old man turned, and stared at the funny roley-poley figure which even in the book looked all fluffy and alive. It was sitting up begging, and there were blue ribbons round its neck and paws. Billy never had seen anything at all like it before.

"Isn't he a *dear*?" the child went on. Then she grew confiding. "D'you know what, Billy—I'm saving up to buy him, and I've got sevenpence-halfpenny already! But he's a whole pound; so I can't have him yet. D'you think you'll love him too, like me?"

Billy had dropped his clippers.

"Is that there animal the thing you wants most in all the world?" he said, gruffly.

"Not *quite*," Patsy answered.

She could see children running down the road, past the garden gate, playing at horses and bowling hoops, and she thought to be able to do *that* would be better even than having a Teddy Bear to cuddle.

Billy saw what she saw, and understood, and it all made him feel worse; a fortune would never have given her legs like other little children, but it *would* have bought her a Teddy Bear, and he would have loved it for her sake, even if it *did* run wild all over the garden.

Now, how could her sevenpence-halfpenny ever grow to a whole pound? and would either of her guardians help her with even sixpence?

No, Billy could not smile, and Patsy left him disconsolate. "He doesn't care for Teddy Bears," she said, sorrowfully.

That day Billy went home in the daylight. All along the way he went were copper beeches, brilliant in the cold sunlight, with the bright blue sky behind; on the opposite side of the road lay the common, and here the bracken had overgrown its limits, broken a way through the hedge, and sprawled, all gold and bronze, into the ditch with the blackberry briars and the last red berries of the year.

This lane was an intimate friend of Billy's. The grass, and the trees, and the dead brown bracken were all part of his life, while the lane itself always seemed more complete when the old grey-headed man in his ancient corduroys and scarlet neckerchief hobbled up or down it.

But to-day he did not look to see what the storm had done to the low hedge; he was troubled with thoughts of Teddy Bears, when suddenly a voice broke the silence and made him lift his head.

A tall girl was swinging her way through the dead bracken, and over the hedge.

She jumped the ditch, whistling and calling, and it seemed to Billy that a dozen Teddy Bears rolled after her into the road. They had yellow, fuzzy coats, short ears and fat little bodies, just like the one in Patsy's picture-book, and they danced and pranced and tumbled round the girl.

"Be they Teddy Bears?" the old man demanded, abruptly. It was natural, as he was thinking of nothing else.

She laughed merrily.

"Oh yes, rather, that's just what they are!" she cried, "and this is the best Teddy of all!" She picked out one with a blue ribbon round its neck and held it up to Billy.

"And be they a pound each?" he asked, simply.

"Oh, I couldn't sell my Teddy Bears!" she exclaimed. "Not that they'll be Teddys for long!" She laughed at this, and running off down the lane, disappeared through a wooden gate, half hidden among the beeches, all the yelping tribe at her heels.

For days Billy watched that gate. Sometimes he opened it, and hobbled in through the beeches; then in the distance he could see another gate, and a big house beyond. Once the Teddy Bears came running to him, sniffing at his boots, and he picked up the blue-ribboned one, but dropped him again and turned back to the lane.

It was a long, long time ago, but Billy had not quite forgotten how he had promised the first Patsy never again to take what was not his.

But very quickly the days flew by, and very quickly too the little foreign creatures that poor Billy thought were Teddy Bears were growing into long-legged dogs. The only thing that seemed to grow slowly was Patsy's sevenpence-halfpenny, and that had just turned into ninepence. If only that lawyer would write again, *how* he would treasure the letter!

But no letter came, and Billy's morals fell to pieces. The living Patsy was so much more to him now than the dead one, and, besides, he only wanted *one* Teddy Bear—the tall girl had so many!

So one cold, dark morning Billy crept out of bed very early, and found his way to the wooden gate. But he was getting older every minute now, and stiffer, and more feeble, and the cold seemed to get right inside his head and freeze all his ideas into a solid lump of muddle. He could not think where he was, or what he was doing, and when he stumbled against a fallen branch and fell to the ground, he stopped there—to try to remember.

Hours after, when the sun shone through the trees and the grey mist was lifting, the tall girl came swinging down the path, with all the Teddy Bears, and she stopped with a startled cry when she saw what lay in a heap at her feet.

They carried him home—the gardeners and the tall girl, wondering as they went, and every morning and evening the doctor came and shook his head very gravely. Eliza sat by the bedside, knitting; she could not tell them why Billy had crept away from her so early that morning, or why he had been found among the beeches near the big house, but she said if only Miss Patsy would come, then he would get better, and might tell them himself.

But it was too far for the child; she could not come all that way on her crutches, so one fine day the tall girl went in her carriage to fetch her, and the blue-ribboned Teddy Bear sat by her side as she waited at the garden gate.

When Patsy came down the path, her eyes were sparkling blue, and a rosy flush lighted her pale cheeks. She had felt shy and sad, but the sight of a real live Teddy Bear made her forget everything—the stranger, the carriage and even Billy's troubles.

"Oh you dear, dear, *dear*!" she cried, and hugged the fluffy thing again and again.

The tall girl felt a rush of pity for the lonely little cripple. Only staid, solemn Susan had helped her into the carriage.

"You may have him for your very own," she said.

And so, when Patsy reached the old man's bedside and, leaning over him, cried in her excitement, "Oh, Billy, I've got a *real live* Teddy Bear for my very, very own!" half Eliza's words came true, and the old man seemed better at once. A great smile spread all over the wrinkled face, and he nodded happily to the child.

He seemed to smile all day after that; only once his expression changed, and that was when he remembered how nearly he had broken his promise to the first Patsy; and then—well, he had not quite broken it.

## MEMORIES.

There are three things I would go far to find:  
The song of bees in red-ripe clover,  
The grey waves of a wheatfield in the wind,  
The smell of woods when summer rain is over.

Long years of use have well-nigh killed in me  
Heart hunger for the wider spaces,  
The far blue hills that hide the farther sea,  
The pleasant sights and smells of country places.

But these three memories are still most sweet  
To me, afar from meadows dwelling;  
Sight of the wind-tossed waves of early wheat,  
The song of bees, and rain-washed woods for smelling.

E. L. DARTON.



## A STOLEN MARCH.



S. H. Smith.

AS THE SMOKE CLEARS—HALF-A-DOZEN DEAD.

Copyright.

"WE sighted a wonderful gert pack o' wigeon on the banks s'marnin', an' I shall be after 'em well afore sun-up to-morrow. If so be as ye'd care to come along o' me you're welcome, maister."

Gaffer Gilson, professional wildfowler and fisherman, having delivered the foregoing unwonted flow of oratory, called somewhat boisterously for a "go of rum in water," charged and lighted a very short and over-ripe-looking clay pipe with a wooden spill, and seated himself in a highly polished and particularly uncomfortable Windsor chair before a huge driftwood fire, which blazed and crackled ever so cheerfully on the wide, open hearth of the old-time wainscoted inn parlour that forms my headquarters during periodical visits to my favourite fowling-grounds.

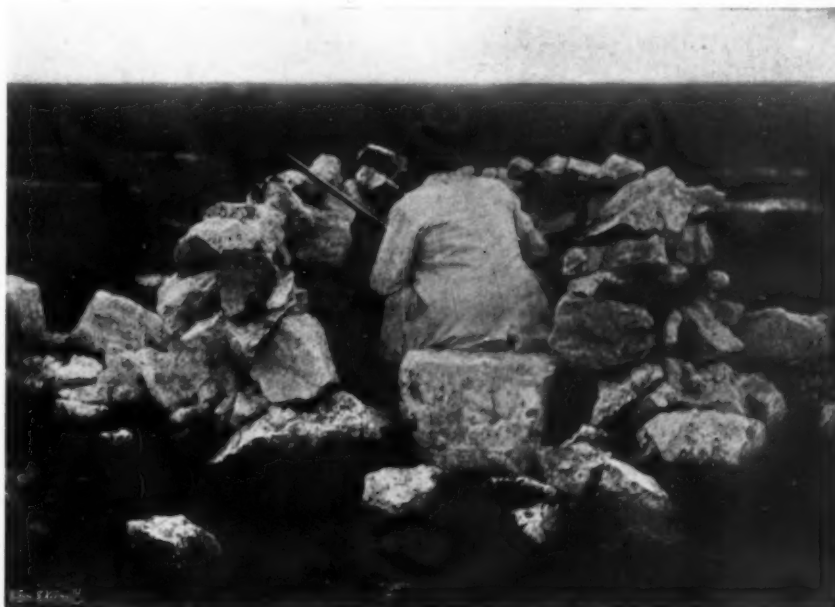
Yes, of course, I would accompany the old big-gunner on the morrow, for although I had enjoyed some fairly good shore and flight shooting, never a shot had I fired from a gunning-punt during the fortnight's sojourn in the "one hoss" little town of H., which stands on the fringe of a vast expanse of marshes, and overlooks a certain East Coast estuary, the sanctuary of legions of wildfowl in the winter months.

I was up betimes next morning, but ere I had finished my usually early breakfast I heard the clatter of Gilson's heavy sea-boots on the cobble-stones outside, and a minute later he entered the room with the news that "wind and tide wor' jest right for settin' to the fowl on the banks." He also expressed some little surprise at finding a keen big-gunner devouring breakfast when he should have been fully equipped and ready to embark. I did not keep the old chap waiting long, however, and taking my eight-bore from a corner of the apartment, I accompanied him down

the crooked, cobble-paved streets to a patch of shingly beach where a number of both double and single handed gunning-punts were hauled up high and dry, while a dozen or so antiquated, but nevertheless serviceable, stanchion-guns reposed on a wooden rack, exposed to the weather and open to the ravages of the prowling thief. But neither wind nor weather can damage these ancient duck-guns, for their barrels are coated with grey paint, their muzzles plugged against rain, snow and salt spray, and their locks and breech parts clothed in waterproof canvas. Anent the pilfering fraternity—well, old Gilson will tell you that a dishonest man may not be found in his native village. Let this be as it may, it would require an enterprising and Herculean thief to bear off one of these great fowling-pieces. The launching of the punt and loading and rigging of the stanchion-gun in the bows of the shallow craft did not occupy very much time, although the work was done by the feeble light of a much-battered hurricane lamp.

"We be the first gunners afloat s'marnin', an' they do say 'tis the y'urly bird as catches the wurrm," chuckled old Gilson, as he shoved into the narrow winding gully, which with the rising tide would carry us to the great banks of sea-wrack-covered ooze, the favourite feeding-ground of thousands of wildfowl.

The first grey tokens which herald the approach of day were beginning to appear on the eastern horizon as we set out for the open estuary, my companion negotiating the sinuosities of the gully with his setting-stick in that skilful manner born of life-long experience, which gives a professional punt-gunner such an immense advantage over the average amateur in the pursuit of fowl among the tortuous waterways that intersect the mud-flats. But the tide was making rapidly, the gully running



S. H. Smith.

A BUTT FROM BEHIND.

Copyright.

half-bank high, while the out-lying banks were well awash. Very soon the whistling of pinions and the merry "cackle" of a team of mallard passing overhead warned us that the flight of the fowl from their nocturnal feeding-grounds inland had already commenced, and through the uncertain light we caught a momentary glimpse of their shadowy forms winging seaward. Then our ears were treated to the hoarse "trumpeting" of a herd of pink-footed geese, which at the peep o' day deemed it wise to leave their favourite haunt on a treacherous sand-ridge and repair to the meal marshes and uplands



S. H. Smith.

TAKING AIM.

Copyright.

brighten perceptibly, and for our sport all too quickly. The broad belt of light cast by the pile lighthouse athwart the grey waters of the estuary waxes pale and sickly, and lights displayed by the fleet of smacks trawling out on the main flicker as dimly as glow-worms in a hedgerow on a hazy summer night. But we are drawing very close to the middle banks, and ever and anon the far-reaching "whe-oh" of the wigeon or the quacking of mallard is borne

down to us on the light but piercingly cold north-easterly breeze, which, as luck has it, is well-nigh dead ahead, and therefore we have the satisfaction of knowing that the keen-scented fowl cannot possibly wind us.

"Do'ee yere they ode fowl a-talkin', maister? I doubt not there be a tidy lot under the Cockle Bank, so keep a bright look-out," whispered my companion, as he dexterously and silently propelled the low-sided, shallow-draft gunning craft nearer and nearer towards the sea-wrack-covered banks of slob.

Now, the side of the gully nearest the banks was flanked by a high ridge of sand, locally known as the Cockle Bank, and by hugging this we were well screened from the quick-sighted fowl, and would, unless some unforeseen incident occurred to set them a-wing, be able to approach to well-nigh within range of the big stanchion-gun under cover of the ridge. Foot by foot



S. H. Smith.

A SHOT HIGH OVERHEAD.

Copyright.

"Drat they noisy ode varmint o' geeze," growls Gilson, under his breath; "they kick up as much fuss as a pack of 'ounds, but nary pull can a big-gunner get into 'em. They allus favours the shore-poppers, and be d—d to 'em."

Now, as to whether Gilson's vituperation was hurled at the heads of the "pink-foots" or at the shore-shooters, whom he somewhat slightly designates "shore-poppers," I know not; but one thing is very certain—by far the greater number of grey geese which are shot on our coasts during the winter months fall to the gun of the flight-shooter. The heavens



S. H. Smith.

A PROFESSIONAL WILDFOWLER.

Copyright.



and fathom by fathom crept the punt towards the still invisible fowl, until one could distinctly hear the curious slopping kind of noise which surface-feeding ducks and geese make in tearing up the succulent grass-like weed which forms their staple food on the coast. A keen and ardent punt-gunner alone can imagine the intense excitement which takes possession of the wild-fowler afloat when, after a long and difficult set to a company of fowl, he finds himself gradually but surely approaching within shot of his quarry; and when through the uncertain light of early morning I sighted right ahead an indistinct, but nevertheless unmistakable, assembly of duck, numbering perhaps three hundred head, close packed upon a comparatively small patch of tide-lapped slob, I tell you that the blood simply raced through my veins. I dared scarcely breathe or move an eyelid, and, oh! how my tingling, frost-numbered fingers itched to tug at the trigger-string and send a pound of shot pellets hurtling into the dense mass of the feathered ranks.

"Don't pull until they rise from the slob," came the almost inaudible and quite unnecessary order from the old gunner.

Hardly had the command been given, and while the birds were still out of range, to my utter surprise and unspeakable disgust a bright flash spurted out of a small gut which drained into the main gully at a point about one hundred and fifty yards above us. The flash was answered by the deep report of a punt-gun, which awakened the slumbering echoes of the morning, and went booming across the vast expanse of tide and mud and salting. With a great to-do the fowl rose in a cloud and headed towards the open estuary. A march

had been stolen upon us. For a space of at least a minute, and while the unknown gunner was busy with his cripple stopper, Gilson and I stared blankly and sadly at each other. Then, giving vent to a mighty d—, the old gunner shipped the sculls and pulled slowly and silently up a salting-fringed creek in the forlorn hope of picking up a stray duck or curlew with the shoulder guns.

Half-an-hour later a sprightly young wildfowler came poling along the creek in a light, single-handed punt, the floor of which was richly decorated with wigeon, duck and teal. It was Gilson's youngest offspring, and roundly did the old man rate him as a "pesky, undutiable son" for having spoilt for us the best chance of this season.

MARSHMAN.



S. H. Smith.

COMPARING NOTES

Copyright.

already assembled. After a time they all took wing together and disappeared down the hill. A little later on I came upon some of them feeding at what is, for them, the very low level of two thousand feet; but the ground they were on was much exposed to the storm, and they soon disappeared up the hill. On following them I found a great number feeding some five hundred feet higher up in a corrie somewhat sheltered from the piercing northerly gale, so that evidently they had been examining the different levels for shelter and had congregated at the one place where they were in comparative quietness. They knew that a storm of exceptional violence was in the air, and in the course of the next half-hour the storm descended on the mountains in all its fury, and a continuous blinding cloud of drifting snow, travelling at the speed of an express train, obliterated every object more than a few yards distant, and in a few hours covered the river with an unbroken covering of snow.

#### THEIR WINTER FEEDING.

Many of the ptarmigan I saw were feeding eagerly on the young shoots of the heather, and when an individual had "pegged out his claim," as it were, he strongly resented the presence of an intruder, even when there was feeding in plenty for both of them. Once I observed a second bird attempt to share the feeding with one who was already in possession of a fairly large clump, but he was driven off by the owner with great fury. It was worthy of note that during an expedition made a day previous to the storm not a single ptarmigan was met with at a height of three thousand feet above sea-level, but between two thousand

feet and two thousand five hundred feet they were seen in considerable numbers, and mixed freely with the red grouse. On another occasion lately I noticed a number of ptarmigan feeding on the stems of the blueberry, but noticed that plants of the club moss (*Lycopodium selago*) in the vicinity were left untouched. At another part of the hillside the birds were picking off the fresh shoots of the cowberry. I noticed on visiting their haunts on the morning after two days of very severe snowstorm that the birds appeared in a semi-exhausted condition and were unwilling to move. Several times in running across ice slopes they slipped and tumbled about in a ludicrous fashion, and while walking "leaned" on the wind very much in the manner of a human being on these occasions. I found it usually the case that the ptarmigan were

most easy of approach in the morning, later becoming wilder and more restless, and being difficult to get near after about 2 p.m. On one occasion an individual bird resented the presence of another near its feeding-ground, and, in a half-hearted manner, made as though to drive it off. The assailed one, however, instead of beating a retreat, turned on its assailant with great fury and drove it off with ignominy. I had a flock under observation for some time on ground over which I had passed some little time previously, and was interested to see that they used my footmarks in the soft snow to shelter from the wind. Often an individual would doze for a few moments, well-nigh hidden from sight, but would usually be herded out by a stronger bird, though there were many footmarks vacant all round. Sometimes a ptarmigan appeared dissatisfied with its roosting hollow and walked off to try another, and I noticed some of the birds pecking at the snow as they sheltered. Comparatively few of the birds were spotlessly white—most of them had a dark feather or two somewhere on their backs—but the cocks were always prominent by reason of their conspicuous combs and their habit of strutting around, during a lull in the wind, with tails held up after the manner of a powder pigeon.

#### MIGRATION OF THE RED GROUSE.

At the time of writing (January 14th) we have been experiencing some very severe weather. For the past week snow has fallen almost daily, and on the 11th a storm of exceptional violence visited the glen where I have been staying for some time. The morning was dull and rainy, with a southerly wind, but by midday the wind went round abruptly to almost due north, and snow began to fall at first gently, but by dusk a terrific blizzard was raging, and it was only with difficulty that I reached shelter. From dusk onwards the storm increased, until even with the moon it was impossible to see twenty yards, and the gale was blowing fully a mile a minute. A friend who was with me ventured out to the well some forty yards from the cottage, but was unable to find it, and nearly went astray altogether! All next day the storm continued, but the 13th was fair, though dull. On the morning of that day I saw a large number of grouse making their way down the glen at a great speed. They were flying high and making almost due south. On the day of writing this migration has continued, but to a lesser extent, and this notwithstanding the fact that the wind is westerly and the snow disappearing. It is difficult to account for the migration in this instance, for the force of the gale was such that comparatively little snow remains on the ridges, and there is feeding in plenty; but possibly the extreme cold has forced the birds to migrate, for the temperature has never risen as high as freezing-point, and all water—even the river—is frozen fast.

#### A WATER-OUSEL ON THE FEED.

Before the storm I had a water-ousel under observation for some little time, and in that period the bird put away a really extraordinary amount of food. It was "working" a backwater on the river Spey, where the water was comparatively shallow, and although its average stay under water was not more than a second, yet almost invariably it rose with something in its bill. The distance was too great to be able to make out what that food was; but whatever it may have been, the fact of the bird being able to secure it almost instantaneously was quite extraordinary, and demonstrates clearly that the dipper is equally

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### THE CALL-NOTE OF THE PTARMIGAN.

WHILE watching the movements of a pack of ptarmigan the other day I was struck by the variety of call-notes of which the birds made use. Besides the usual croaking cry, the male bird at times gave utterance to a long-continued call, which reminded one of nothing so much as the winding of a clock or the deep hum of a fishing reel. Ptarmigan are much more demonstrative than their near relatives, the red grouse, for the whole time one is in the vicinity the birds keep up a continual croaking, and it is curious to think that their scientific name should be the totally misleading one of *Lagopus mutus*.

### THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF A COMING STORM.

The day I had a pack under observation was exceedingly wild and stormy. All the morning a strong sou'-wester had been sweeping the pass and melting the snow; but towards midday the rain ceased, and the wind veered to the north of west. I was in a corrie some two thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, and succeeded in stalking a pack and having an excellent view of them from behind the shelter of a rock. The weather by this time had turned stormy, and dry snow was being drifted along the hill. The pack I had under observation was being constantly increased by fresh arrivals sweeping down from the higher grounds, and I noticed that, although the New Year was in, one of their number had not as yet assumed full winter plumage. The birds looked very quaint as they ran down the hillside. Taking advantage of a temporary lull, they would set off in a hurry, but before they had gone many yards a gust of wind would overtake them, and they would be forced to quicken their steps, being almost blown off their feet. Immediately they felt the gust, however, they turned as one bird and faced the storm, crouching flat on the snow. Some of the new arrivals came down from the heights on foot, others on the wing, and the arrival of these latter caused a certain amount of annoyance to those

at home on land and water. In summer the water-ousel is often found at considerable altitudes, and haunts the moorland streams up to and above the two thousand feet level; but in the winter many of them descend to near the estuaries of rivers, where they may be seen feeding just above the tidal

reaches. The song of the water-ousel is interesting in that it is uttered throughout the winter months, though of all our song-birds he is perhaps the most silent, for the song is heard only at very rare intervals, but is of wonderful sweetness.

SETON GORDON.

## MR. ST. GEORGE LITLEDALE'S TROPHIES.

SINCE the days of the old Venetian traveller in the thirteenth century, "the creator of Asia for the European mind," who wrote of sheep of a large size having horns "three, four, and even six palms in length," there have been many who have desired to swear an oath on the horns of *Ovis poli*. Of these Mr. St. George Littledale was one of the first, though the second Yarkand Mission during the years 1873 and 1874 obtained specimens of the great sheep near Kashgar. A record of his adventures would fill a large volume, but there is not the space here to record more than one or two of his experiences.

The first picture below is of the sheep named after its discoverer, *Ovis Littledalei*. It is intermediate in type between the true *Poli* and the *Argali* (*Ovis ammon*). The ground on which these sheep were found was interspersed with the remains of old Chinese gold-diggings, consisting of pits, ten feet deep and about the same across. Into these the sheep were accustomed to retire, there being no other cover from the fierce rays of the sun. On one occasion Mr. Littledale was riding past these disused mines when some sheep sprang out of it as he was close at hand, which so frightened his horse that he was unable to obtain a shot. It is interesting to compare this with an experience of Sir Robert Harvey's. He was hunting the *Udad* (*Ovis lervia*) in North Africa and saw some beasts which went up on a small stony kopje. He and his men surrounded the hill, thinking a shot a certainty, but when he reached the summit there were no sheep, for they had all gone to ground in the rocks!

On July 30th, 1897, Mr. Littledale killed the grand *Argali* head of which a photograph appears (*Ovis ammon typica*). He and Mrs. Littledale, with Prince and Princess Demidoff, made up the party, and three days previously the Princess had asked Mr. Littledale to take her out for a stalk. He agreed, she adding, "If we see a real good ram you have a shot at it!" They started off, had a stalk, and when they were within shot Mr. Littledale (and only a sportsman can realise what it must have cost him!) turned quietly to his companion and said, "Come and have a shot at the biggest ram you'll ever see!" Fortunately or unfortunately, the lady missed!

The next day Mr. Littledale started after the big ram alone. A long time was spent in finding him, for he had wandered far, and when located was hidden during the stalk. The stalker was above the sheep and they passed in single file, headed by a very good ram. Mr. Littledale, however, did not think he

was the big beast, and let him pass. As they disappeared a horrible conviction that he had made a mistake forced itself on him. It was dispelled a moment later, as the big ram dashed down the hill three hundred yards below him. The first shot

hit him rather far back, the second sounded as if it struck a stone, but was afterwards found in one of the horns. He eventually lay down in an impossible position and, rather than run any risks, Mr. Littledale determined to spend the night where he was. Accordingly, scratching a message on a stone with his knife, he sent one of the Kalmuks back to camp for some food. Just as it grew dark the ram rose and tottered down hill to the river. The Kalmuks regarded it as a good sign, and said he would be found dead in the morning. The morning dawned after a bitterly cold night, and no sign was to be found of him. The Kalmuks went back to fetch the horses, which had been left out of sight, and while they were gone Mr. Littledale found the ram with his glass, lying among some rocks. He stalked and killed him, but, with the

dead beast lying before him, the reaction was so great that for a long time he was unable to pull the tape from his pocket to measure the horns. They are now a world's record.

Prince Demidoff and Mr. Littledale for some years owned a tract of land in the Caucasus on the fringe of Schamyl's country, the man who withstood the Russians fifty years ago. It is still very unsettled. On one occasion Mr. Littledale was himself stalked by brigands, and after a somewhat exciting morning had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy decamp. Of the Tur found in the Caucasus there are two distinct forms, one approximating closely to the true ibex in the form of its horns (*Capra caucasica*), while the other (*Capra cylindricornis*) is, though its affinities are evidently with the goats, very near the dividing line. The former is known as the West Caucasian tur, or ibex; the latter as the East Caucasian tur, or bharal. The latter, too, is characterised by the extreme shortness of its beard. Now Mr. Littledale has also a very small one, and on asking how much beard the bharal had, this being one of the distinguishing marks, his informant replied, "Just as much as you've got!"

When disturbed the Western tur always goes straight up among the rocks and ice like an ibex; the Eastern always makes for timber, like a markhor. They are found at an elevation of six or seven thousand feet. The head of the ibex shown in the photograph is a record. Mr. Littledale has a presumed hybrid between the two (inclining towards the *cylindricornis* in appearance), shot on Mount Elbruz. The specimen of the Caucasian stag (*Cervus elaphus maral*) is a splendid head.



MOOSE (*ALCES MACHLIS GIGAS*).



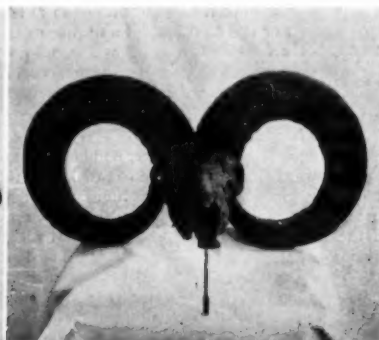
*OVIS LITLEDALEI*.

Length, 53in.; tip to tip, 44in.; girth, 17½in.



*OVIS AMMON TYPICA*.

Length, 62½in.; tip to tip, 38½in.; circumference, 19½in.



*CAPRA CYLINDRICORNIS*.

Length, 41in.; tip to tip, 4½in.; girth, 12½in.



Mr. Littledale found that the bullets for his .500 Express were unsatisfactory, and several good stags had got away wounded. He shot this particular beast late at night, and ran down below him to get in another shot, but found it was unnecessary, as he was dead. The tray points are particularly noteworthy.

Mr. Littledale has hanging in his study the head of another Caucasian stag, which would have overshadowed even the one represented in the photograph. The lower points are magnificent and the set of the horns, beam, span and length of every point are those of the ideal stag which every stalker dreams of but few see in the flesh. They are, alas! irretrievably smashed. The



*CAPRA CAUCASICA.*

Length, 40½ in. ; tip to tip, 15¼ in. ; spread, 12½ in.

stag was seen late one evening, too late for the stalker to get down the slope of the hill covered with dense bushes of rhododendrons, cross the flat and work his way up a similar slope on the opposite side to the place where the stag stood. The next morning he was seen, but went into the wood at once. Mr. Littledale stayed on the opposite slope all day in the hope that he would appear in the evening, but he never showed until it was again too late to stalk him. Very early the next morning

Mr. Littledale was back and, as he spotted the stag, saw him go into the fir trees. He left his hunter behind, took off his boots and followed him into the wood. Presently, after moving very cautiously and slowly, he found the stag lying down alone and shot him. He rolled over, quicker and quicker, hitting his horns against the rocks and trees, until finally a rhododendron bush brought him up a thousand feet below. But his head was ruined!

On August 13th, 1887, Mr. Littledale had a stroke of luck, which would probably never come his way again if he lived to be as old as Methuselah. He was after tur in the Western Caucasus. The animals had got into an impossible place, and he was waiting for them to come down to feed, when a long way below him he saw three stags lying out in the open, a fourteen-pointer, a thirteen and a royal. The



*BOS GRUNNIENS.*

Length, 35½ in. ; tip to tip, 17 in. ; circumference, 14½ in.

stalk was dangerous owing to the rocks, and one of the men, he who carried the spare cartridges, unknown to his master funkled the descent and stayed behind. A big brown bear was met on the way, but allowed to escape. At the first shot the best head, the thirteen pointer, fell forward absolutely stone dead. As the royal jumped to his feet he too fell; the fourteen-pointer dashed off, stood at thirty yards and joined his comrades in the happy hunting-grounds. Mr. Littledale had now used the two cartridges in his rifle and one of the spare two which, after the manner of the country, he wore in his shooting coat. On the way home a stag jumped up out of the bushes and stood about seventy yards off on the sky-line. It was dusk, but at the shot he lurched and stood swaying. The stalker felt frantically for his cartridges, which were reposing comfortably in camp with his cowardly follower. His guide thrust a revolver into his hand, but as he did so the stag, a fourteen-pointer, fell dead.

The Persian stag (*Cervus elaphus maral*) is the only head which Mr. Littledale did not himself shoot, and he says that it cost him more than any head he possesses. He was at Baku enquiring about the prospects of a company into which he had put some money, when a German-Russ, who posed as a manager, said he had a head which he would like Mr. Littledale to accept. Mr. Littledale demurred, but the owner pressed him to look at it. He did, and very naturally took it, for there are few red deer heads like it in the world. It is black with age, and must have been killed years ago. The chief features of the head, which has hardly a weak point, are its enormous crowns. But the company was a failure!

Mr. Littledale's moose (*Alces machlis gigas*), though nothing wonderful in the way of measurements, is a fine head, with long palms and well-developed points. The only way of communicating with the natives which Mr. Littledale had was by speaking to them in Russian, Alaska being formerly Russian. When the Indians were carrying this head back to camp, a smaller bull with two cows made their appearance. There was not much cover save a few thickets, and Mr. Littledale thought it a good opportunity of practising calling. He accordingly started. The moose came nearer and nearer, within fifty yards, when the Indians threw down their load and bolted. The moose still advanced, step by step, until, when twenty yards off, the hair on his back rose and stuck up the wrong way. The Indians waved and shouted, one ran round behind the big brute and gave him his wind, and only then did he turn and move slowly off, looking continually backward.

There are many other heads which might be included in this article if space permitted: the Mongolian gazelle (*Gazella gutturosa*) and the Goitred gazelle (*Gazella subgutturosa*), that most widely distributed of any of the Asiatic antelope, which is yet so rarely found in any collection. Mr. Littledale's specimen is only surpassed by one of Sir Edmund Loder's—the Thibetan yak (*Bos Grunniens*), one of the finest specimens in existence, and the Asiatic wapiti (*Cervus canadensis songaricus*), with a curious excrescence on the brow tines, which I have seen also on the American wapiti (*Cervus canadensis typicus*). Mr. Littledale is also one of the very few who have shot the European

aurochs (*Bos bonasus*), specimens of which he presented to the British Museum. None of those who have read the three all-too-short chapters which he contributed to the *Badminton Library* can fail to regret that the man who penned them, and who, before the British Mission to Lhasa in 1904 had been thought of, had penetrated almost to the walls of that once mysterious city, has not given more of his experiences to the world.

FRANK WALLACE.



*CERVUS ELAPHUS MARAL.*



*CERVUS ELAPHUS MARAL.*

Length, 47½ in. ; beam, 7½ in. ; span, 43½ in. ; spread, 54½ in.



**H**ENRY, the "Shepherd Lord," the plain man who came seldom to Court, was succeeded by a courtier who carried the Cliffords to their highest fortune. The divergence of character and habit between the retiring student and his gay and dashing son led to serious differences between them. The youth is said to have been educated with the lad who was to become King Henry VIII., and he imbibed extravagant, if not reckless, ideas. The father, of narrow views arising from his strange upbringing, had no sympathy with such doings, and probably painted them as black as possible when he wrote to complain to the Lords of the Council of the "ungodly and ungudely disposition of my sonne Henrie Clifforde." He had beaten his father's servants, "spoiled" his houses, stolen his goods, was the terror of peaceful citizens and daily studied "how he myght utterlye destroy me hys pore Fader, as wel by slaunders shamful and daungerous as by daylie otherwyse vexyng and inquetyng my mynde." All this was done to minister to a style of living and dressing which the ex-shepherd could not understand, nor why, even when the young gallant left the Court for the country, he should have "aparellyd himself and hys horse in cloth of golde and goldsmyths wark, more lyk a duke than a pore baron's sonne as hee ys." However deplorable may have been his peccadilloes, this younger Henry Clifford was so well thought of by King Hal that he raised him to the Earldom of Cumberland two years after he succeeded his father as eleventh Lord of the Honour of Skipton. The accounts of disbursements made on the journey and during the

stay in London for the conferring of the earldom have been preserved. He rode up with thirty-three servants, and his weekly expenses in London for himself and the whole of this mounted retinue amounted to nine pounds a week, including such items as three shillings for wine and twopence for cherries. The new liveries, however, were quite an expensive item, amounting to twenty-four pounds.

King Henry's favour was by no means ill-placed, for the new Earl stood firm when most of the great families of the North prepared to fight for the old religion, and his own cousin, Robert Aske, headed the popular rebellion known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace." Alone in Yorkshire Skipton held out for the King, and its lord must have been thankful that, despite much added accommodation and amenity, the castle had retained much of its character as a place of strength. The considerable body of armed men he had gathered together deserted to the enemy and left the Earl with a mixed household of eighty people as the only garrison. But while he was in these straits it would seem that a dashing and capable assistant came to his aid. Families were much divided at this moment, and Robert Aske's own brother, Christopher, declaring that he would be "hewn in gobbets" rather than stain his allegiance, rode to his cousin's help with forty followers. If we are to believe a passage in Froude's "History of England," his arrival saved the situation. According to this picturesque historian, the Earl's daughter-in-law, Eleanor, Lady Clifford, was with her young children at Bolton Abbey, and the attacking party threatened to drag them



Copyright.

THE GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright.

THE CLIFFORD ARMS ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE CONDUIT COURT. "COUNTRY LIFE."

up to the castle walls and treat them with devilish cruelty before their relations' eyes in order to force a surrender. But Christopher Aske was equal to the emergency. "In the dead of the night, with the vicar of Skipton, a groom, and a boy, he stole through the camp of the besiegers. He crossed the moors, with led horses, by unfrequented paths, and he 'drew such a draught,' he says, that he conveyed all the said ladies through the commons in safety, 'so close and clean, that the same was never mistrusted

Suffolk, and Whitaker tells us that "the eastern extension of the castle—a single range of buildings at least sixty yards long, terminated by an octagonal tower—is known to have been built by the first Earl of Cumberland in the short period of four or five months for the reception of 'the Lady Eleanor Brandon's grace.'" Except for the end tower, the main floor of this building was occupied by a long gallery—a form of apartment then becoming fashionable, and well adapted to supplement the some-

what limited accommodation of the rooms round the Conduit Court, of which the largest was the banqueting hall. This is a room about fifty-five feet by thirty feet, and its western end, showing the entrance from the outside stairway and the arched doors of kitchen and buttery enriched with moulded heads terminating with fleur-de-lys crockets, is among the illustrations, as is also the great arched fireplace in the kitchen with its two ovens. As regards the gallery, we may well suppose that the remaining portions of a beautiful set of early sixteenth century Flemish hangings were obtained by the Earl to deck his fine new apartment. They are now, like the fifteenth century pieces mentioned last week, in the upper room of the octagon tower, and are full of interest, as exhibiting the costumes and customs of the age of Henry VIII. A set of similar date and style is in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and has "Esther and Ahasueras" as its subject. The Skipton tapestry may represent the same, or perhaps the betrothal of a prince. The faces and figures are very beautiful. Love-making is seen in its various stages, culminating in the lower group on the right of the first illustration, where the pair are seen sitting together with the dower chest open before them. Behind, and extending into the second illustration, are many charming young women with their gaily-dressed gallants strutting along walks set with orange trees, beyond which the landscape appears. Sewn on to this, to complete the wall covering, is a strip of fifteenth century tapestry and a seventeenth century landscape scene, of which type and date, known as "Forest work," there is much more at the Castle, but none quite as early as the "hangynge of huntinge and hawkinge," valued at twenty-one pounds in an Elizabethan inventory of Skipton. That was a fairly high price, and only exceeded by two Biblical subjects, one the "Storie of David," valued

at twenty-six pounds, and one of "Adam and Eve," valued at forty-three pounds. They were probably recent productions, and, therefore, prized more highly than far finer ones described as "olde and sore decayed." Such was the condition of a hanging for the hall "with racke and the anlett wrought in the same." The remarkable existing allegorical tapestry already described exhibits many kinds of torture, but can hardly be the same as this one with the rack, as, if it was already decayed in Elizabeth's time, it cannot have survived until



Copyright.

ENTRANCE TO THE CONDUIT COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

nor perceived till they were within the castle.' " The only error that Froude made was in not noticing that, whereas the Pilgrimage of Grace took place in 1536, the date of young Lord Clifford's marriage with Eleanor Brandon was 1537. It was, therefore, after he was besieged by the rebels that the Earl of Cumberland enlarged the castle so as to make it fit for his son's wife, who was daughter to a queen and niece to a king. Her mother was Henry VIII.'s sister, Mary, who, as widow of Lewis XII. of France, had married Charles Brandon, Duke of





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE SOUTH ASPECT.  
With the Edwardian Castle on the left and the Henry VIII. wing on the right.

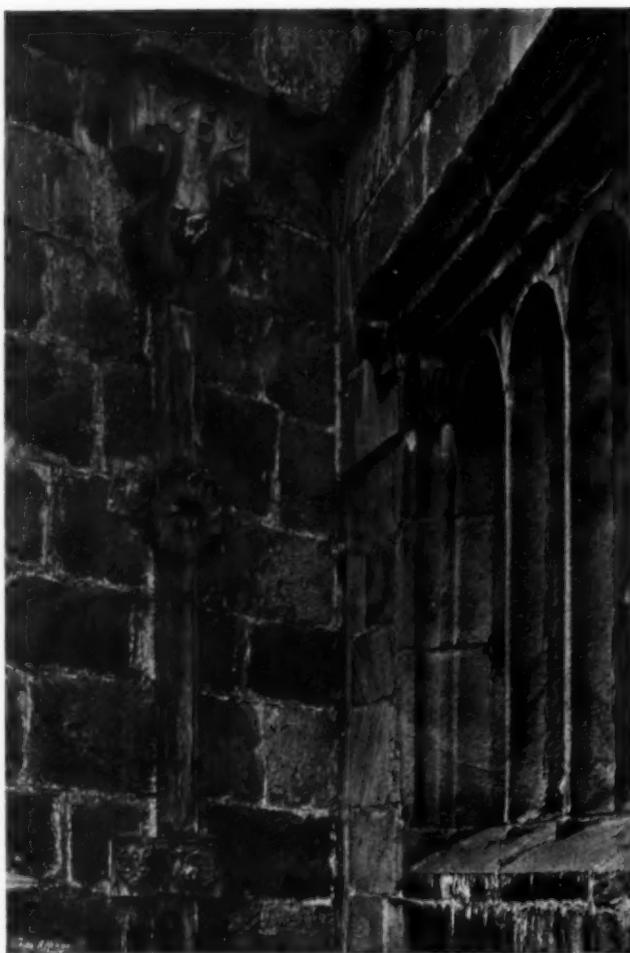
Copyright.

to-day. It was probably earlier than the time of the "Shepherd Lord," whereas a "hangynge of 'Destruc'con of Troye'" may have been among his purchases, for we have described the Skipton Gothic tapestry as being of like character and style with that of the "Siege of Troy" in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The "Troye" piece was certainly not highly valued in the sixteenth century, for it is put down at only twenty shillings, and thirty shillings is the value of a "hangynge of ladies Femynye"—that is of Amazons.

It is in the same inventory that under the heading "Ordinance and Munyc'ons" we find the entry, "Item: III of the 7 susters." These are thought to refer to the Scottish guns captured by the "Shepherd Lord" at Flodden, for we know from Holinshed's Chronicle that among the guns then taken from the Scotch were "seaven culverines of a large assize," which James IV. had named the Seven Sisters "for that they were in making one verie like to another." This inventory was taken in 1572, soon after George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, succeeded his father. He was an expensive and an adventurous man, who before he was thirty began a long series of naval expeditions with the double object of repairing his fortunes and giving scope to his energies. His semi-buccaneering raids against Spain almost rank with those of Sir Walter Raleigh, and had the same countenance from

Elizabeth, who more than once supplemented the Earl's ships with her own. He was never strikingly successful. Thus, in 1589, though he took many prizes—including a Spanish West India ship richly laden and valued at a hundred thousand pounds—he lost most by shipwreck, and the greater part of his men died of wounds, sickness, or starvation. His most considerable expedition was in 1598, when he sailed to the West Indies with a fleet of twenty ships. He plundered one or two West Indian towns, but nothing considerable was effected and no treasure-ships were taken. It is, therefore, very doubtful whether in the end he gained as much as he lost, and he left financial disorder behind him when he died. He was a man of huge activity, great endurance and high courage; but he was deficient in judgment and conduct—a gambler, a spendthrift and a faithless husband. Yet withal handsome and accomplished and a great favourite with the Queen. He knew her character and how to please her vanity, and wore her glove set in diamonds as a plume in his hat—a feature which appears in the picture of him in the National Portrait Gallery. Dying in 1605, he was laid in Skipton Church under a marble altar tomb erected by his daughter, whose character and career is even

more interesting than that of her father, and much more closely connected with Skipton Castle, where she was born in 1590. A lengthy period of lawsuits followed upon her father's death, as



Copyright.

A RAIN-WATER HEAD.

"C.L."



Copyright.

ENTRANCE TO THE BANQUETING HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



her mother and herself contested the claim of her uncle (who succeeded as fourth Earl of Cumberland) to the family baronies and estates. But the King and the Law Courts favoured the male sex, and so we hear that in 1607 the girl and her mother "in their way thro' Craven wou'd have gone into Skipton Castle to have seen it, but were not permitted, the Doors being shut against them by her Unkle's officers in an uncivill and disdainfull manner." It was only after the death of her cousin, the fifth and last Earl, in 1643, that she entered into the undisputed possession of the great Clifford heritage in Westmorland and Yorkshire. Meanwhile, she had made two marriages of a successful kind from a worldly point of view, though they seem to have brought her little satisfaction. When she was nineteen she was wedded to Richard, third Earl of Dorset, the owner of Knole House, where he died fifteen years later, aged thirty-five—a fortunate circumstance for the Sackvilles, as he would probably have completed the ruin of the family had he lived his full span. His widow put the best face on his character when she wrote that he was "so great a lover of Scholars and Souldjers as that with an excessive bounty towards them or indeed that were in distresse he did much diminish his Estate, as also with excessive prodigality in house-keeping and other noble ways at Court as Tilting and the like."

Although soon after the Earl's death an attack of small-pox "did so martyr her face that it confirmed more and more her mind never to marry again," she became in 1630 the wife of Lord Pembroke and Montgomery, a special favourite with James I., and one of Shakespeare's "incomparable pair of brethren." He it was who, after he had deserted the Royal cause and so profited by the triumph of the Commonwealth, employed Inigo Jones to rebuild the south front of Wilton. To his wife, however, the Civil War was the cause of much loss, for her cousin was a Royalist and held Skipton for the King. He was not himself in command when a desultory siege began in 1642, and was still continuing when he died in York the next year, and Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, came into her heritage. Even then the siege continued, and Sir John Mallory, the Governor, had the King's warrant to collect the rents due to the late Earl and apply them to the maintenance of his garrison. The final surrender did not take place till 1645. No harm then befel the Castle, and it continued to present the appearance indicated by the inventory taken after the last Earl's death. It then contained fifty-seven furnished apartments. One or two of these were hung with leather, and many with tapestry, generally described as French, such as: "5 peices of aunceyant rich French aras hangings, w'th the story of Charlemane, &c." The hall, of which the west end is illustrated, was typically furnished. The fire burnt in the middle of the floor, as it still does at Penshurst, and was contained in "an iron cradle w'th wheeles for charcoale." There were "three long great tables on standard frames," seven forms, a court cupboard, a "great aunceyant clock," and an "almes tubb"—the latter, no doubt, to contain the broken meats that were distributed to the poor in mediæval fashion. The walls were decorated with



Copyright. ROYAL ARMS AND SUPPORTERS OF HENRY VII.

"C.L."

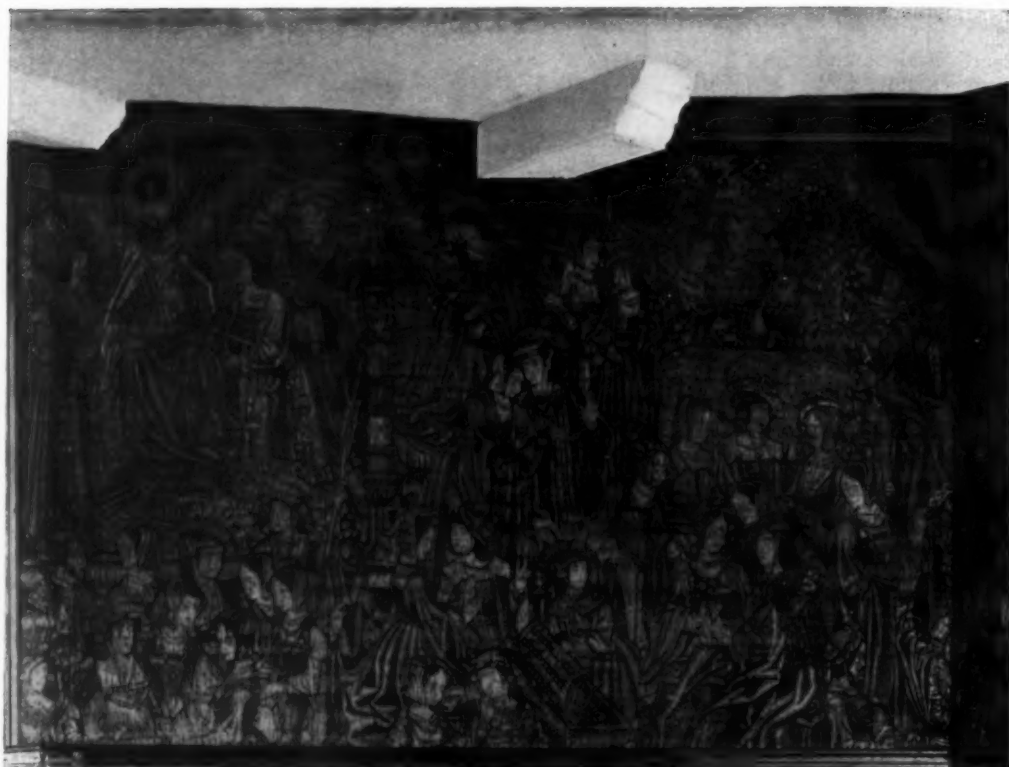


Copyright. PANELS OF THE TIME OF THE "SHEPHERD LORD."

"C.L."

"7 large peices of hangings, w'th the Earl's armes at large in every one of them, and poudered with the severall coates of the house."

As the Castle now belonged to a family not opposed to the new Government, there was reason to hope that it was going to get safely through the ordeal of the Civil broils. Fighting, however, especially in the North, was by no means over, and it would appear that in 1648 the Castle was seized by a Royalist band who held it for a while. Perhaps the entry in the Skipton parish register of that year recording that "many were slain on May 16th" marks the day when it was retaken. After that its fate was sealed. The old Castle was a danger to the peace of the Commonwealth. The Government ordered it to be "slighted," and when the Countess got there in July, 1649, she found it had been "demolish'd some 6 months before by Order of Parliament because it had been a Garryson for the King." This is the description given by the Countess herself in her diary, but is clearly an exaggeration. No doubt it was made indefensible and even uninhabitable. The gate-house of the outer bailey and the seven round towers had their roofs destroyed and their upper storey thrown down. But, as we have already seen, the architectural details of the Conduit Court were little injured. Most of the gate-house, even, must have remained standing, for though we see high up a parapet and windows of Palladian character that mark the repairs effected by the Countess, we also find lower down the Royal Arms with the supporters used by Henry VII., showing that this tower, like the Conduit Court, was remodelled by the "Shepherd Lord," and that much of his work survived the destruction of 1649. The same may be said of the addition



Copyright.

A ROYAL BETROTHAL (16th CENTURY).

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tacked on to the old Norman entrance to the Conduit Court, with its beautiful doorway and oriel window. The great panel with the coat-of-arms, however, did not entirely escape, as did those within the court, and so the wrecked panel was used by the Countess for the inscription recording her work of repair. As she never attempted to copy or reproduce the old work, it is certain that she had not to rebuild the Conduit Court. Had she done so, its windows would have resembled those of the upper part of the first Earl's eastern extension. Here most of the windows on the ground floor, especially the magnificent one of seven lights, are untouched examples of Henry VIII.'s time. But the whole of the upper range was renewed in that lumpy and unmoulded form of mullioning which we find used as a sort of survival at the time

when the classic keystone or pedimented aperture filled in with light wooden framing had been introduced by Inigo Jones, and was supplanting the older native style of structural mullioning. It is, therefore, clear that this building must have suffered more than Whitaker thought, who, relying upon a family manuscript that says the gallery and the tower were "the chief mansion to the Countess of Pembroke," declared that they remained in his time "nearly in their pristine condition as the wainscot, carved with fluted, or, as they are sometimes styled, canework panels, and even some of the original furniture serve to prove." This wainscoting is now gone, but what may have formed part of it has been made up into two doors, and is illustrated. The upright panels are of a type quite usual in Henry VIII.'s time, but the two long ones are far rarer and more interesting, for they are fretted out in the same manner as the perforated panels used for stair balustrading and altar rails during the second half of the seventeenth century. They represent, respectively, the Royal



Copyright.

A ROYAL BETROTHAL (CONTINUED).

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Arms and those of Clifford, and would have been very appropriate in a building designed to receive the wife of the Clifford heir and niece to the King. Such, however, can hardly be their origin, for the supporters to the Royal Arms are not the lion and the dragon of Henry VIII., but the dragon and the greyhound of Henry VII. They must, therefore, have been made for the "Shepherd Lord," and have come from one of the rooms round the Conduit Court. The evidence afforded by the architectural character of the upper storey goes to prove that the gallery and octagon tower were made roofless and desolate in 1649 in the same manner as the older Castle. Yet, no doubt, they were in a condition which made repair more easy, for it certainly was here that the Countess began work and first established herself. She tells us that she came to Skipton in February, 1650, just after Lord Pembroke's death, and during a twelve months' stay "she employed her time in building and repairing Skipton Castle." Before the end of the year not only was she able to reside there herself, but to receive her grandson and future heir, the young Lord Tufton, who came to pay his respects before starting on his Continental tour. It is quite evident that the repairs of 1650 were limited to the eastern extension, for it is not until the autumn of 1655 that she tells us that "being at Skipton Castle she begun to get the rubbish to be carry'd out at the old Castle there which had lain in it since it was demolish'd in December 1648." All was ready for the carpenters and masons in the spring, so that "about Michaelmas following there were thirteen Rooms finished; seven whereof were Upper Rooms, in one of which she was born, and her Uncle Francis Earl of Cumberland dy'd; and the Conduit Court was cleared of the Rubbish and the Rooms were covered with slate and the Gutters with Lead." The work must have gone on some time after that, for the date of the rain-water-head in the Conduit Court, of which an illustration is given, is 1659. The Countess survived her second husband for a quarter of a century. She spent these years almost entirely on her ancestral estates, repairing not only her castles, but also the contiguous churches. No better description of this remarkable woman's ripe old age can be given than that which is found in the abridged transcript of her own diary: "When she came to live in the North her delight was to remove herself and family from one of her Castles to another where she had the comfort of having her Da'rs and Grand-children often coming to visit her, and she always set down in her Diary the exact time that they came and in what Roomes they lay whilst they stayed. And in this settled abode in her ancient Houses of her Inheritance she more and more fell in love with the contentments and innocent pleasures of a country life, which humour of hers she wished with all her heart, if it pleased God, might be conferred on her posterity, for she said a wise body ought to make their owne homes the place of self fruition." It is a delightful picture of the thoughts and doings of a great dame who, with one comparatively short break, could traverse on her own land the seventy-mile space that intervened between her castles of Skipton and of Brougham.

Much of this great inheritance is still held by her descendant, Lord Hothfield. But Appleby is now the only one of her castles that remains a seat of the family. Skipton, however, is still much as she left it, and if it is only the eastern extension that is used for residential purposes, yet such praiseworthy care is taken in the structural maintenance of the older castle that the Conduit Court speaks to us, almost more eloquently than any other surviving building, of the architectural manner that flourished in the years that followed the Battle of Bosworth. T.

## "THROUGH BIRDLAND BYWAYS."

THIS attractive-looking book, with its many illustrations, should go a long way towards accomplishing the purpose of its author, which, he tells us in the beginning, is to teach his readers "to love Birdland as I love it, and to try to realise that there is more real joy in the sport of the camera; more true happiness in a small bird's song, or a butterfly's flight; in fact, more genuine pleasure in

Life, than there ever can be in that sport of the gun, that only brings Death in its train."

Mr. Pike has been fortunate enough to secure photographs of the buzzard, fulmar petrel, black guillemots, raven, Richardson's skua and red-necked phalarope, besides many of the commoner species. His notes on the construction of the buzzard's nest are interesting, and seem to prove that this bird possesses some artistic feeling. In addition to the fresh green leaves often carried into the nest after the first egg has been laid, Mr. Pike tells of one eyrie which was covered with a layer of bloom from the mountain ash. The decorative instinct is undoubtedly developed more highly in certain individual birds, no matter of what species, than it is in the mass. I have known a blackbird's nest composed almost entirely of pink omnibus tickets and the nest of a thrush interlaced with black silk twist, while that master-builder, the common wren, varies considerably in his scheme of decoration.

The author reiterates a statement made in an earlier book that the two first-hatched young buzzards occasionally turn cannibal and devour the youngest; and he is very scathing in his criticism of the "week-end critic" who denies this habit. Personally, we do not see why our author's statement should be doubted. Those of us who live among wild things know that the divine who sang "Birds in their little nests agree" was merely an armchair naturalist, whose statement has no scientific value. The biggest and strongest get most of the food, while the weakly one is frequently trodden upon, crushed, or thrust aside by the more pushful. If this is the case among the



SKIPTON CASTLE: THE KITCHEN FIREPLACE AND OVENS.

smaller warblers, what is to prevent a savage and bloodthirsty young buzzard from turning and rending his weaker brother?

The peaceful and meditative attitude of the fulmar petrel does not suggest the faintest possibility of any bird of that ilk playing the photographer such a scurvy trick as he records. Apparently this bird, when brooding, contrives to fit her egg into a hollow space bare of feathers beneath the breast, so that when suddenly put off her nest the fulmar petrel may carry the egg with her. Mr. Pike gives the following story: "I saw two birds do this . . . one carried her egg for about a yard, then this dropped, struck a rock close to my face and exploded with a loud noise. The egg was infertile, and probably had been sat upon for a good many weeks. Anyway it was filled with the most evil-smelling liquid I have ever known. My face and hands were covered with this." In a remote island, where electioneering amenities are unknown, this surely was a mean revenge to take upon an inoffensive naturalist. Maybe this petrel was an advanced female of the most virulent type! Many interesting facts are also given concerning the lives of the inhabitants of St. Kilda. We are most of us familiar with their primitive mode of posting letters during nine months of the year. One was despatched to Mr. Pike in the usual manner, that is, sealed up in a tin fastened to a piece of wood, covered with tar, and attached to a bladder and thrown out to sea. The package was picked up on the most southerly point of the Outer Hebrides, and, curiously enough, taken for identification to a nephew of the late William MacGillivray.

The story of the red-necked phalarope as told in these pages surely calls for something more stringent in the shape of

bird protection laws, or, what would be equally effective, the better administration of those already in force. Mr. Pike says: "During my travels in Birdland, I have come across many sad scenes through the ravages of the egg-collector, but never in my experience have I seen anything to equal the war of extermination that is going on among the birds of the Orkney Islands." Then follows a heartrending description of how the first, second and third clutches of rare eggs are snatched from the birds and sent off to dealers or collectors in our chief towns; and how, in a remote island, he saw a case directed to a certain London collector which must have contained hundreds of eggs. Of course, we cannot blame the natives for seeking to eke out their scanty earnings with the large sums that these private collectors are prepared to pay for clutches of rare eggs, nor would anybody grumble if a few only were taken for the childish gratification of the collector; but surely these men should not be allowed to deprive the higher race of naturalists of their infinitely superior pleasure of seeing these rare and beautiful birds in their own haunts, free and unmolested. There is a good time coming for the wild birds when the older generation of so-called naturalists will be replaced by an enlightened and more sporting race of Nature life students. Such books as the one before us are the best means of inspiring the young naturalist with the true worship of Nature.

One of the most touching stories in the book describes a fight between two stags for possession of the herd, while the hinds look on at the fierce champions with soft, wondering eyes as the issue of battle hangs in the balance; until, finally, the hero of a score of battles gives way before Eternal Youth. One doe alone remains behind and tenderly licks the dead monarch's wounds before slowly turning to follow the herd and its new lord.

This book contains many beautiful photographs of well-known birds which, as pictures, are beyond criticism; but surely there should be some mode of gauging the relative sizes of the different species depicted. The uninitiated, looking at the two fine pictures of male and female reed-bunting and comparing them with the oyster-catcher and other large sea-birds, would imagine the former to be twice the size of the latter. It would also be better if the plates were in their proper sequence in the text. It is irritating to the reader to find a picture of the fulmar petrel sandwiched between two photographs of the buzzard, and the gannet in the middle of a chapter entitled "Prowlers of the Night," which deals with the badger and the fox. There is also one photograph of the buzzard which is not convincing. The description says: "The buzzard looked at the bright lens of the camera." As a matter of fact, the bird is looking straight ahead, whereas the photograph is taken "broadside on."

Without in any way wishing to belittle the difficulties and disappointments of the bird photographer, we nevertheless sometimes wish that Mr. Pike would tell us less of his drenchings and physical discomforts, which, after all, are a *sine qua non* of this particular sport, and give us more details of the rare birds which he has had unrivalled opportunities of studying. Then, in addition to giving us a pleasant book, he would also have added considerably to scientific ornithology.

## THE CUISINE OF THE CARAVAN.

THE first breakfast on the road to the Forest—shall one ever forget it? Cold and hungry in the sharp air of a March morning, stopping to water the horses at an old roadside inn on the outskirts of Southampton, and handing out the kettle to be filled. The first lunch on the road—drawn up by the roadside close to the King's House in Lyndhurst, where the Verderers sit at the ancient Court of Swainmote and the Red King's stirrup hangs. The first tea, between ranks of tall and gloomy firs, not far from the old gibbet-post, as the caravan halted before turning off to Thorny Hill; a half-hour's rest for the horse and driver and tired travellers, in haste to find the camping-ground before the night overtook them on the road. I doubt if, with all its acute discomforts and witching joys, one can ever "recapture that first fine careless rapture."

The first thing we discovered was that provisions of all kinds were hard to come by in the Forest; that the Forester lives on what he can get, and has to gather in his food from afar. The second thing we found was that, with one's fill of the life-giving air, butcher's meat every day no longer became a necessity; rather it was a drawback, occasioning loss of time in procuring it, in cooking it, and in the extra cleaning up of pots and pans, plates, knives and dishes, so that farm produce—milk, eggs, butter and cheese, with the adjuncts of wholemeal

bread, seed, fruit and ginger cakes, bacon, fresh fruit and oatmeal porridge, formed the chief of our diet, with a standby in the shape of an occasional jar of preserved spiced beef, ham and tongue, or brawn, fetched from a distant shop, on foot or by bicycle, when the day's chief labours were over. The travelling fishmonger came round once a week, but with the exception of shrimps and rock-salmon, his wares were often considerably off colour by the time he reached the top of our hill. Peas, beans and cabbages were ours for the picking in the farmhouse garden; and by the same token many a jug of cream, baked apples, or "curranty pudding" found its way by the kind hand of our farm-mistress down the green drove where our caravan stands. Many a junket, fresh from the cow, was made for us, and many a chicken cooked for us in the early days of our sojourn, when I did not get the fire to draw or the oven to heat. Potatoes were always hard to come by. At one time the telegraph boy at the nearest post-office conveyed our orders to the market-gardener with whom he lodged, whose house was difficult of approach on account of his fierce and dangerous dog. These supplies falling off, we got them from the baker. Another discovery we shortly made was that promises of ducks or chickens from adjacent farms and homesteads were rarely kept and never delivered on the day for which they were ordered. If one depended entirely on such a promise, experience taught us that this might mean doing without dinner, not only for that day, but several days to come; and in this manner I have known even our supply of bread and cake (of both which a plentiful hoard was generally laid up in the tin four-tier steamer) to fall short, and just when some guests were expected to tea. The caravanner, equally with the gipsy, knows what it means to hear the lunch and dinner bells ring up at the big house when he has nothing but bread and cheese, and not much of that. He knows what it feels like when the camp-lurcher captures a pheasant chick on the common and no keeper in sight. He knows what it is to hunt the fern-hid ditch for hens' eggs, and find none, when the farm-mistress is absent and he cannot do without something for tea. He knows the relief of finding blackberries along the hedge and mushrooms on the common. On the other hand, there are times and seasons when ourselves and our guests, either gipsy or gorgio, might revel in all manner of dainty or unexpected fare.

I have spread tea on a table at the back of the caravan of strawberries and cream, anchovy paste sandwiches, and two kinds of cake, besides biscuits, for the gorgio. And I have given dinner under the hedge to two little tent-dwelling dancers of cold steak and onion pie, with stewed figs to follow, while frying sausages for ourselves in the caravan. For supper one had anything one could get, or whatever suggested itself, from stewed mushrooms to eggs and bacon, from bread and cheese and coffee to porridge only. This was our staple dish for supper, and woe-betide the hapless wight left alone in charge of the camp if, when pal or pen returned hungry and cold, or hot and tired, in quest of distant provender to village or town, or from searching for a lost dog on the moors, from posting letters in the village, watching gipsy step-dancing in the lanes, or noting down gipsy songs in the village school, if no fire be lit, no kettle singing and no pot a-boiling.

The question of fuel is one that naturally first arises in the mind of the wanderer. There may be scores of whitened skeletons and charred limbs of furze-boughs on the common, from the last forest fires; there may be piles of oak branches and pine-knots and sacks full of fir cones down in yonder wood (whereof the gipsies warn us: "Mind the keeper don't catch yer!") But if neither of us has got in a supply before the rain sets in and soaks the heath and fills the bogs; if the oil-cart has gone by "up-along" without our knowledge, and the methylated spirit has all been used, it is a bad look-out, unless, indeed, the farmer has out of kindness fetched "A niche o' 'ood vor 'ee!" Later on a bundle of fir faggots might be bought from the farm woodstack for twopence-halfpenny. But up to a certain point we had to do as best we might on furze and fir sticks off the common; at whiles trespassing over turf-banks on to other common enclosures, and at first breaking the forest laws and customs by gathering sticks on a Sunday. "If you does," say the gipsies, "the man in the moon 'll take you off! But," with a shrug, "Force knows no law, they says! And if one was cold and mis'erable and hadn't a bit of wood nowheres, p'r'aps us might! There's no tellin'!" So after this distinct prohibition nothing but absolute want of a few sticks to boil the kettle and to keep one's self warm on a Sunday night drove me to carry home a bundle of dry wood in my handkerchief or a few crooked furze-sticks under my arm. For some of the unwritten laws are the strongest.

An equally urgent consideration to that of fuel is, as every camp-dweller knows, the need of a constant supply of pure water. And as the cows had trampled in the heather-springs on the common, it was to the well under the cart-shed pump that



we betook ourselves and our water-cans, for the unlimited supply that the caravanner needs for washing, scrubbing, cooking and drinking purposes. Breakfasts almost invariably consisted of new-laid eggs, wholemeal bread and fresh butter—the latter sometimes made in the farm by the primitive method of shaking up cream in a bottle. Five o'clock tea was, on the whole, perhaps more capable of comfort and variety than any other meal—tea, as a drink and as an institution, is, in fact, the caravannist's stand-by under any circumstances, and, if the brew be of pure China, may be taken without harm at any hour of the day or night. The midday meal varied from bread and cheese to roast chicken and junket, the one thing certain in caravan dinners being their blissful uncertainty. As the leaf falls, and the "vairn" reddens the ridges, the supply of food in the Forest appears to increase. No fat buck have we partaken of, although "one of the King's fallow deer" was lately killed on the common close by, after circling round the hollies and running through a gipsy-camp in a clearing. But pheasants, partridges and rabbits begin to fill the larder—otherwise the kettle-box. And last and not least, there are the hedgehogs. The tent-dwellers roast them on sticks before a fir log fire on the ground, and they taste like pork and mushrooms.

But the making of a caravan meal is not the stuffy, stifling function of indoors and house-dwelling. It is all from first to

last a part of the sweet open air. You wander on the purple heath, picking blackberries; you make your pastry on the table between the furze hedge and the apple trees, between tent and caravan. For water to wash and boil your potatoes you journey round the farm, with the yellow lurcher ambling at your heels, to the cart-shed where the farmer is chopping green furze in the chaff-cutter. You sit inside the tent getting your vegetables ready while the pot is boiling, and the caravan cat watches you expectantly, with half-shut eyes. You empty your teapot into the ferns and brambles. As the work of dinner progresses, you wash up your odds and ends of crocks and pans, and hang your clean milkjugs outside the caravan door. You set your rice and sugar for the pudding out of the locker and your nutmeg-grater from the top of the plate cupboard against the wall. It all entails much going up and down of steps, much plodding to and fro.

The wind off the heath is circling round you; you hasten to get the last of your china into the van corner cupboards before yonder dark clouds break into rain. You fetch sticks from under the cow-shelters of tall furze, thirty-year old bushes, on the common, and make up the fire, while your pal breaks up coke with a hatchet. With a hiss and a roar the shower rushes over the heath. Close the tent flaps! Shut the caravan door! Here comes the storm! THE ROMANY RAUNY.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### ON WALL GARDENING.

SO many conflicting elements of charm and—let it be admitted—of disillusionment no less are to be found in wall gardening that it is no great wonder if a fierce battle of opinion should be waged with regard to its merits or demerits. Yet we are fain to believe that it

was a happy inspiration which suggested how some old walls might be improved by wisely encouraging vegetation upon them, and how others might even be built with a view to planting.

We pause in admiration, perhaps, before some dilapidated wall fringed with the dainty greenery of Maidenhair Spleenwort, or catch sight of a stray garden plant which has found a home for itself in a crevice of mouldering brickwork, whence it looks down, exultant in its fulness of blossom, upon its kindred of the border, whose very luxuries of easy living, maybe, have made them rank of leaf and sparing of flower. So it is that we find Nature herself pointing the way, and we shall not go very

far wrong if we patiently follow her footsteps. Generally speaking, the temptation to an enthusiast is to overdo the planting. A wall, even one that is prepared, ought not to be regarded as a sort of perpendicular flower-bed, as some people seem inclined to think, for it loses much of its characteristic beauty as soon as it becomes too thickly overgrown. Age-worn and weathered stone and brickwork have a charm and colouring all their own which it would be folly to hide, but which, nevertheless, may be greatly enhanced by the skilful addition here and there of leafage and flower. Yet it is not always easy to strike the happy mean. It fell to my lot once to see a design prepared in all good faith for the purpose of showing an easy way out of many difficulties besetting wall gardening. The sketch was intended to be a model pattern for a terrace garden, and represented a somewhat pretentious erection backed by a ten-foot wall, pigeon

holed in rows by the omission of a brick at regular intervals, the pockets being arranged quincunx fashion. The plan certainly had the merit of making the most of the wall surface. But the charm of a planted wall is not to be wooed or won by any such simple rule of thumb. The growth upon it must be spontaneous, or, at any rate, so cunningly regulated as to appear to be so.

Boundary walls for the most part are less adaptable for planting than retaining walls, which naturally foster plant growth. One of the prettiest of small plants for a boundary wall

is *Vittadenia trilobata*, whose cheerful little Daisy flowers, changing from white to deep pink, smile at us faithfully from spring to late autumn. It has a natural affinity even for a mortared wall, where it will find a foothold somehow, and quickly makes little colonies of itself without any fuss. In some gardens *Erinus alpinus* takes freely to the upright position and needs scarcely any rooting space; but here it shows a decided preference for flat surfaces, and sows itself delightfully into the



A DRY WALL.

joints of rough stone steps. It is never a surprise to see Snapdragon or Wallflower or Ivy-leaved Toadflax flourishing on a boundary wall; but there are other plants, apparently quite unsuited by habit for such situations, which make themselves equally happy there when accident gives them the chance, and sometimes we get an unexpectedly good effect. Take shrubs, for instance. No one would dream of planting Ribes on the top of a kitchen garden wall; yet five minutes' walk would bring me to a spot where little bushes of the red-flowered Currant—of low stature indeed, but rosy with flowers every spring—brighten the summit of such a wall. In the same garden a branch of Winter Jasmine has rooted of its own accord into the coping of another boundary wall, where its welcome stars serve to lighten the dreariness of flowerless January. The grey-green of a plant of homely Sage—a stray seedling lodged by chance—has been

known to produce a delightful bit of colour-contrast against the mellowed red of an old brick wall. How shrubs of naturally strong growth find sufficient nutriment in the seemingly inhospitable quarters so offered it is difficult to say, but so it is; and not only do they sprout, but grow and live for years, forming pictures of their own sweet will which are hard to copy and harder still to beat.

Where dry walling holds back a considerable body of soil the case is different, and shrubs of a certain type become valuable auxiliaries. Some of the smaller-growing Cistuses—notably *C. florentinus* and *C. lusitanicus*, a miniature Gum Cistus little grown, which has crimson-spotted cupped petals—are especially suitable. Rooted cuttings of these were inserted in the joints at the top edge of a retaining wall in my own garden, and have thriven amazingly. Their fault, if anything, has been a superabundant vigour, which has made it necessary bodily to cut down one here and there, both stubs and roots being too firmly embedded to allow of entire removal. The stumps, notwithstanding, have broken afresh, so that these cut-down bushes will eventually flourish again instead of others which, later on, must receive the same drastic attention. Some of the New Zealand Veronicas of naturally dwarf habit, favoured by our mild Sussex coast climate, have also done well in a like position. Being evergreen, both Cistus and Veronica are peculiarly suitable for wall planting in the Southern Counties. One other native of South Europe—*Coronilla emerus*, well known to our forefathers as Scorpion Senna—occurs to me as an ideal wall shrub. In that capacity it may be seen, in fullest beauty, clinging to the sun-dyed brick of crumbling Roman ruins; but it is not an uncommon garden shrub in the West of England. Once established on a sunny wall, it will always be treasured, so slender is it in its growth, so little aggressive, yet so laden in early summer with clusters of soft yellow Pea flowers, just touched and pencilled with russet red. It may be of some practical use, by way of reminder, to name a few of the plants, other than shrubs, which have done well in this locality. A colony of Catmint (*Nepeta Mussinii*), with hoary leaves and a wealth of grey-blue flowers in its season, is rightly placed just leaning over the corner of a

retaining wall, and is very charming; but it quickly dies out and has to be renewed. *Lithospermum prostratum* comes earlier in the year—one of the earliest, in fact, to start flowering—and is a veritable gem with its boss of Gentian blue against our greyish yellow sandstone. The confined root space keeps it from straggling. A form of Phlox *Stellaria* known, I believe, as *P. lilacina* is one of the most delightful of our spring plants, and is apparently not very familiar even to good gardeners, who always notice its profusion of flower as it hangs its trailing stems over the stones. *Genista sagittalis*, which has curiously flattened and winged stalks, with scarcely any leaves, is at all times distinct, and very decorative about midsummer when full of its golden tufts of flowers. Some of the plummy Saxifrages, again, e.g., *Saxifraga pyramidalis* and *S. macnabiana*, have done well here, while for less good positions a handsome hybrid of the London Pride type, known as *S. Colvillei*, is invaluable, and takes care of itself. For rougher positions still—especially low and damp ha-ha walls—Ferns of the commoner sorts are picturesque; but beware lest they take possession of any wall where choicer things are invited to grow. This is not a Fern locality, yet Male Fern, Buckler Fern and even Brake have become a nuisance, so difficult are they to remove when they are in the wrong place.

One comes to the conclusion in the long run that in wall gardening we must be content, in a measure, to let things have their own way. In most parts of a garden this is bad practice—the haphazard system seldom works out well. It is always better, no doubt, to have a scheme in view even for a wall, and to control the growth upon it as far as possible; but it is wise to be prepared for unruly subjects which will not by any means be governed. We may try again and again to produce an effect which seems delectable to our mind's eye, but some accident of aspect—of shade or exposure, of dryness or damp—frustrates the most nicely-calculated intention; while an alien intruder, a Mullein or wandering Foxglove, perhaps, finds its way in and ends by conquering our affections by dint of sheer audacity. It may even be that it is this very quality of waywardness which adds such intense interest and enjoyment to any attempt that may be made at wall gardening. K. L. DAVIDSON.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

EACH new book by the writer who calls herself "Marjorie Bowen" is a study. It bears no relationship to the thing of froth, or, rather, of soap-bubbles tinted with sunshine, which a traveller buys at a railway station and leaves in the carriage with a litter of newspapers when his journey is over. This writer's practice is to take up a character or event in history and emblazon or illuminate it with details gleaned from reading. If she followed the advice of the greatest English master of irony, and, treating her book as a place of entertainment, set out a bill of fare, it would advertise no French or Italian made dishes, but substantial food served on a table, however, most richly decorated with gold and silver plate and flowers. Hers is the historical novel, but it differs much from books of the same kind by other authors. Sir Walter, who set the example, won distinction chiefly by character. He gave us a gallery of national portraits human and vivid. They might be accurate or inaccurate, but they embodied his conception, and he imposed his ideas on the reader. As Lord Rosebery said the other day, the Prince Charlie whom we know is the young Chevalier of Waverley, not the commonplace young man of research. His jolly Richard Cœur de Lion drinking and exchanging songs with Friar Tuck in the woodland hermitage appeals to the imagination far more than the painfully amassed details of Dr. Dryasdust. So it is with Gentle King Jamie and Jingling Geordie, with Louis and Charles Burgundy, laughing till they could not stand at the sight of the hounds coursing the false herald. With Dumas, on the contrary, it is incident. The spirit of adventure ever leaps to follow the Immortal Three. "Marjorie Bowen" sails between these extremes. In her new novel, *Defender of the Faith* (Methuen), she does not let us hear the rattle of the sword, as the great Frenchman would assuredly have done. We can easily fancy Dumas going critically over this novel and saying, "Eh, my child, but you have missed fine opportunities of showing us a little sword-play. That brave Stadt-holder at the battle of St. Denis ought to have exchanged a thrust or two with the old and intrepid M. de Luxembourg, and Cornelius de Witt might have sent a ball whistling close to the windpipe of William of Orange. Among so many brave enemies who are at war all the time it would have been easy to arrange a personal encounter or two." On the other hand, Sir Walter would almost certainly have asked of her lurid Charles II., "What! Is this the King who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise

one? You should have brought him right in to the body of the kirk. The 'merry monarch' and his gay court would have made a fetching contrast to your grim Dutchman."

"Marjorie Bowen" is too much prepossessed with William of Orange to listen to hints of this kind. She pursues him with the passion of a lover. He is her hero, her ideal man, even as Mary Queen of Scots is worshipped by a train of small writers. In a previous book, "I Will Maintain," she presented the drama of his youth and manhood, ending with the tragic deaths of Cornelius and John de Witt. In the present book he is resisting with arms the aggression of the French and engaged in those diplomatic transactions which resulted in his marriage to Mary of England. Mary is the most charming figure in the book, and her early dislike of William, which is gradually and naturally changed as she comes to recognise the purity of his faith, the steadfastness of his patriotism and the invincible courage with which he met defeat, is skilfully shown. A dramatic under-plot is furnished by Cornelius de Witt, who holds the Stadt-holder responsible for the deaths of his father and uncle. But here comes in the irony of fate, which, unfortunately, is not matched with an ironical style in the narrator. Fate has bestowed on him a great injury to revenge, but at the same time has given him the irresolute artistic temperament which is ever letting "I dare not wait upon I would: like the poor cat in the adage." The final struggle between him and William is the strongest bit of writing in the volume, but it is one of will and character against a writer's will and character. And this is in keeping with the character of the book, which is psychological despite the clash of arms which accompanies the action. For in it the powers of "Marjorie Bowen" are seen at their greatest stretch; so are her limitations. Of the latter the gravest lies in a want of humour.

One who greatly admires the work of "Marjorie Bowen" may be permitted to make a few criticisms that show how the interest of the book might have been more effectively arrested. In the first place, the beginning is badly planned. The novel opens with an interview between Mr. Mompesson and King Charles, which leads the reader to expect that here is the clue to the plot. Mr. Mompesson is described in a manner to suggest that he should play a large part in the drama. We feel a personal interest in him, which gradually disappears as it is discovered during the progress of the story that he is little more than a supernumerary. Again, it might be supposed



from the introduction of Charles himself into this scene that the King of England would figure largely. As a matter of fact, after this appearance he practically sinks into the background. For the purpose of evoking and carrying on interest we believe it to be essential that a novel should open with a strong keynote. The end of the volume lends itself to a very similar criticism. In one of the final chapters we have M. de Luxembourg introduced with a very elaborate description of his tent and its velvet hangings, his couch covered with its tiger skin, a carved chest, on which are guns, swords, gauntlets and all the appointments of war; the table with a lace cloth, painted glasses, gold plate, agate-handled forks, silver-gilt knives, baskets of fruit, bottles of wine and bowls of white and yellow roses; his mirror, his books, his dress and his companions. Now, it was a sound precept of the greatest of all practitioners of the art of writing historical romances that once the end is in sight the action should be carried on breathlessly to the finish. The proper part to be played by description is to give atmosphere, and if that has not been done in the early part of the volume it is idle to attempt it later. In other words, the plot has not been so carefully considered and arranged as it might have been. Then a word must be said as to the very curious style which has been adopted for the narrative. It is not the English of to-day, and it certainly is not the English of the Restoration. One particular construction is repeated till the page seems almost spotty with it. That is the use of the possessive—"The Prince, his clavichord," "That was the King, his guide." This construction occurs again and again, even when a foreign language is being translated; and as it is impossible for a writer of the twentieth century to avoid the style of the time in which he is living, the effect is irritating. Another pitfall in front of "Marjorie Bowen" is the danger of preciosity. She will stop in the midst of the most exciting argument to run in a description that is beautiful enough in itself but interrupts the vigour of the narrative. For example, in the interview between Cornelius de Witt and the Stadt-holder, which is one of the most tense and impassioned in the whole volume, the writer makes many curious stops, of which the following is an example: William has just astonished his would-be assassin by offering him a company. Cornelius hints that he might take the news to Luxembourg, and the Prince says he will not, because "I know you, Mynheer, better than you know yourself." The narrative goes on:

He was breathing an air of ardour, of enthusiasm difficult to resist; his whole face was altered by the glowing commanding expression of his hazel eyes; his thin beautiful hand rested on the edge of the table with a great chrysoberyl ring he wore, a cat's-eye stone, with a rib of pulsing light down it caught the candle flame, and shone vividly.

The paragraph beginning "his thin beautiful hand rested on the edge of the table with a great chrysoberyl ring he wore" will show what we mean by hinting that the authoress runs some risk of becoming "precious." These objections are submitted with a full knowledge of the difficulties of hitting upon a proper style for a narrative such as this. No doubt the introduction of such words as "telletth" and "knoweth" and "needeth" is meant to suggest a form of speaking that has become obsolete. But unless the language of the Restoration could be adequately reproduced it would appear to be almost better to abandon it altogether, and to write simply in such pure and universal English as is to be found, for example, in the Revised Version.

#### THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

**Swiss Mountain Climbs**, by George D. Abraham, with twenty-four illustrations and twenty-two outline drawings of principal peaks and their routes. (Mills and Boon.)

THE passion for the mountains is more than a desire for difficult adventure; more, too, than the sporting instinct men feel to take up the gauntlet that big summits fling so obviously down, for in its best form it is touched with the poetry of solitary places and, as a rule, the enthusiast thrills to the magic of the wilderness and the lure of unknown lands. As with your genuine vagabond, it is usually a lust inborn, and demands of him a combination of skill, courage and endurance that find their highest expression in the big explorers of the world. *Cui bono?*—that foolish question of the unadventurous is never quite easily answered perhaps, but something approaching a satisfactory answer, we think, may be found in the pages of this modest and admirable little book before us. For it is the result of the personal experiences of the most audacious and probably the best-equipped climbing enthusiast of the day, George Abraham of Keswick, who knows the fine delight of discovering a new route, the joy of those dawn breakfasts upon lonely peaks, the cry to battle from the savage and dizzy precipices, and yet understands that to court danger needlessly is no part of the business at all, and that to enjoy the mountains properly one must respect them and "play the game." Nominally, this book is a careful survey of the best-known centres of the Alps, giving routes, guides, prices, advice, warnings, hints for expert and novice alike, with a wealth of accurate detail that is never too much, and a thoroughness of explanation that yet exhilarates rather than wearies; but in reality it is far more than this, for through it runs that reverence for wild nature and that appreciation of the beauties that must be sought with toil and sweat—that subtle "lift" of poetry, in a word, which betrays the artist and makes this "Concise Guide to the Best Expeditions" as good reading as a novel of true adventure. This is high praise, but to the writer, who is a climber

himself and a lover of wild nature as well, it seems justified. Even the lady at Zermatt who asked, "Why do you take two guides? Is it in case you lose one?" would do well to read it; or that other young lady of Grindelwald who pointed to the author's ice-axe with the voluntary suggestion, "What a nice little pick! I suppose you tie the rope to the head and throw the thing up till it sticks. But how do you know it won't slip when you start climbing up the rope?" The literature of Alpine climbing is large enough already in all conscience, but for the "chief centres" with which it deals Mr. Abraham's book should become as essential as good climbing-boots or good rope with the red thread running through it. The up-to-date information is especially valuable. No climber who visits the Bernese Oberland, the Pennine Alps or the Bernina section with its outlying centres should be without it. We only wish that the author had not confined himself to summer climbing, but had something to say as well of the now annually increasing winter ascents. It is possible, however, that with his sanity of outlook on the whole matter he may include such among what he calls "those almost hopeless enthusiasts who look on mountaineering and its technique as the be-all and end-all—as, alas! it sometimes is—of existence." The expert climber, as well as the novice, may read with attention that we think will be rewarded what Mr. Abraham has to say on many heads of practical interest: Guides, nails, ropes; clothing, food and speed; new and "unjustifiable routes or variations"; crampons, or climbing-irons; icemanship and rock-climbing; and a dozen other points. And through everything he says runs that touch of poetry we have mentioned—the Call of the Heights, and the attraction of "those inscrutable solitudes of the eternal snows and the upward curve of the storm-riven summit-rocks." It should be said, too, that there is a most useful list of outline drawings to show routes up many of the bigger and more interesting peaks, and also that, for maps, the new Siegfried sheets (procureable from Messrs. Stanford, Long Acre) have been taken as standard. The numbers of the various sheets are given respectively at the beginning of each district described. The index, too, is well done; the print and paper are excellent; and the size of the book, with its little flap covers, is admirably adapted for pocket or knapsack. A. A. B.

#### SIMPLIFYING NATURE.

**Flashlights on Nature and In Nature's Workshop**, by Grant Allen. (Newnes.)

WE are glad to see the reprints of these books by the late Mr. Grant Allen, because the author when he died really left no successor behind him. He had a gift peculiar to himself of mastering the latest discoveries of science and setting them forth not only with clearness, but with the cleverness of an imaginative writer in a way that appealed strongly to the minds of that large class of readers which has an intelligent, but not highly informed, interest in discovery. We mean, of course, that those who are busily engaged in pursuits that demand as much energy as they can give them have no time to keep up with the progress in scientific knowledge. To them Mr. Grant Allen was a most useful writer, since he could transmit the most abstruse information in a style that was light and as easy to read as a novel. His place was that of an interpreter of the great scientific workers of his time. To *Flashlights on Nature* an interesting biography is prefixed by Mr. Edward Clodd, in which we learn that his motto to the end was Michael Angelo's *Imparo ancora*, "I am learning still," and the reader of this book can easily see how he put the idea into practice.

#### NOT AN ORDINARY PAIR.

**Billy**, by Paul Methuen. (Chatto and Windus.)

"THEY were not a pair of ordinary people. Moreover, they should not have been a pair at all"—and there you have it! These words occur in the first paragraph of the thirteenth chapter of a very readable novel, and they are as good a description of it as a reviewer needs or his reader either. Billy is a boy-woman, and Jerry, whom she marries frankly for convenience sake, just as he marries her, is not much of a man. They make an amiable contract to the effect that their marriage shall be one in name only, and when it breaks down, as two more ordinary people would have guessed it might, Billy very nearly comes a "howling cropper." As a matter of fact, Langton, with whom she nearly comes it, must be added to the number of not quite ordinary people, for, with anybody more so, Billy could hardly have taken the path she did. Still, it all comes right at last, and as there is considerably more sense, as well as affection, in both Billy and Jerry at the end of the book than there was at the beginning, they stand a fair chance of making a success out of a very rash experiment, which is described with a great deal of humour and skill.

#### A REAL ROMANCE.

**Lady Fanny**, by Mrs. George Norman. (Methuen.)

AN old theme—this of the comfortable, selfish husband who neglects his wife and the other man who does not—but it is here handled with unusual strength and wit. Lady Fanny has both charm and originality, and they get across the pages to an uncommon degree; and she has also a nobility of character which gives the whole situation not only a pathos, but an interest which is lacking in the hysterical method of treatment that prevails with lesser writers when dealing with such topics. The end of the situation is suffering—such a story could only end so—but on the road thither there are many gay and delightful scenes and many beautiful descriptions of a country that is evidently well known to and loved by the writer. The Austrian Prince with whom Lady Fanny's life becomes entangled is as fine a character in his way as she, if less unknown to fiction. It is a comfort to meet people whom one is allowed to like and approve of so thoroughly, and it is also refreshingly unusual.

#### A STIRRING TALE.

**The Hand of Diane**, by J. Hartly. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THERE are rather too many "Despardieux" and "Ma for-s" and "Mille diables" in this French tale. They give it an artificial atmosphere, and worry the eye with their incessant exclamation points. But of its kind, something of a machine-made kind, perhaps, it is quite a good specimen. The hero is noble and generous, and almost incredibly ignorant of the Court life of his time, but his adventures are manifold and highly romantic. He rescues a beautiful lady from the floods one winter's night and promptly falls in love with her, only to learn that she is the infamous Diane de Poitiers, the most feared and hated woman in France. His love turns to loathing; but he continues to protect and aid her, while reviling her with a freedom one really cannot wonder at the lady resenting. How the mystery resolves itself, and after what fashion it comes about that M. de Conflans nevertheless marries and lives happy ever after with "Diane de Poitiers," we must leave the reader to find out for himself, only adding that it will be worth his while.

## GREAT DANES OF THE YEAR.

**A**FTER a visit to Craft's, the average sportsman will find certain departments of the British Museum will well repay a visit. In the Assyrian Gallery, for instance, we have some remarkably spirited hunting scenes, which originally found a home in the palace of Assur-bani-pal, a monarch who reigned from 668 to 626 B.C. There we see the noble lion

upon our regard. When he is really good, it is difficult to find his equal for a combination of strength and activity, in grace of outline or mobility of carriage. Facing the world with a serenity of disposition, as Sydenham Edwards so well expressed it many years ago, "he keeps his state in silence." Of formidable looks and immense stature, he constitutes a bodyguard that cannot be ignored; yet in the house, when properly trained,



WENDY.

brought to bay by great dogs, and the wild horse with these fleet pursuers on his flanks. Remarkably vivid and true to life, we are bound to confess. The artist knew what he was about, for he has put legs and feet on his dogs that would do credit to a Peterborough winner. Although it is impossible to classify the animals themselves by comparison with modern breeds, one would be by no means unjustified in drawing the inference that from them our mastiffs and Great Danes have descended. The bodies are strikingly like that of the mastiff, but the assumption is that the Assyrian dogs had more activity, as they were capable of coursing a horse. Skilful mating, modified by environment and the varied purposes for which they were required, might have produced both from the same parent stock. Great Dane-owners will be interested to know that in the inscription on one of the tablets we have mention of yellow, piebald, white and black dogs, all of which, except the white, appear to-day. The entrance of a piebald dog into a palace was an omen of peace. It is said that Danes were introduced into these islands by the Saxons, who used them on wild boar, and that they were banished because of their quarrelsome disposition. By a curious freak of Fortune's wheel, we have them back again, ousting from popular suffrage the essentially British mastiff. So rapidly have they grown in favour that in less than thirty years they have become indisputably at the head of the larger varieties.

Naturally one deplors the decadence of the dignified mastiff; but it must be admitted that the Dane has many claims



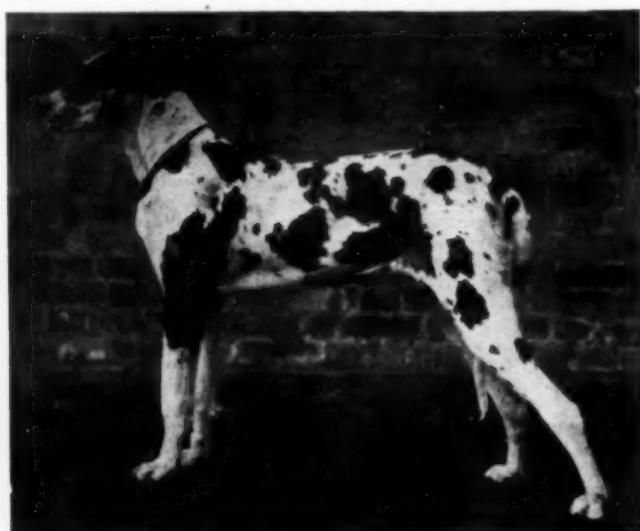
CHAMPION ORUS OF LOCKERBIE.

he is gentle to a degree, and a little child may lead him. The reverse of the picture comes when we contemplate a Dane that is a bit off the line. Long and slack-backed, with crooked front and cow hocks, he is not a presentable picture, and we would rather look the other way. This, I take it, is one of the problems created for the vexation of the breeder. What can he do with the misfits? A bad puppy costs as much to bring into the world, and rear when he has arrived there, as a good one, and as prices now rule he must prove a most unprofitable investment. Even a puppy of merit fails to bring in anything like the sum he should be worth, considering the cost of running a large establishment. When we pursue the subject further and think of the disappointments caused by youngsters of promise refusing to grow straight, we are forced to admire the pluck of those who have so courageously embarked on a breed that offers many blanks. The prize packets, it is true, compensate for many defeats, and when the flyer comes along much may be forgotten.

During the last few years, moved by protests from our German friends, more attention has been devoted to colour production, and the Great Dane Club has passed a resolution stipulating that brindled harlequins are ineligible, as well as brindles, unless the ground colour is of bright yellow to red-yellow. It is not for me, as an outsider, to criticise; but it seems to me that in a dog of this description form and character are the major considerations. Get brilliancy of colour by all means, but the well-built Dane should have preference. Colour for



CHAMPION IOMAR OF LOSEBERRY.



ZENDA OF SUDBURY.





OONAH OF LINDVILLE.

the toys, if you please, but outline and quality for the bigger ones before everything else.

On the whole, Great Danes are well maintaining their position. From what experts tell us I imagine that the all-round average is distinctly high, although it is doubtful if we can equal the best of the wonderful Redgrave strain, which has exerted such a marked influence in the last fifteen years. Rarely can I remember any dog that has appealed to me so much as Mrs. Horsfall's Champion Hannibal of Redgrave. He still stands out in my canine portrait gallery as a peer among his kind. In saying this, of course, allowance has to be made for the change introduced by the abolition of cropping, the mutilated erect ear unquestionably adding much to the expression, as may be seen by a reference to the picture on these pages of the imported dog Porthos of Esperance. This cannot be helped, however, for sentiment was wholly on the side of the Kennel Club when it promulgated the momentous edict. There is another point which, again as a non-expert, I put with some diffidence: Are we not to some extent losing that nobility of head carriage which

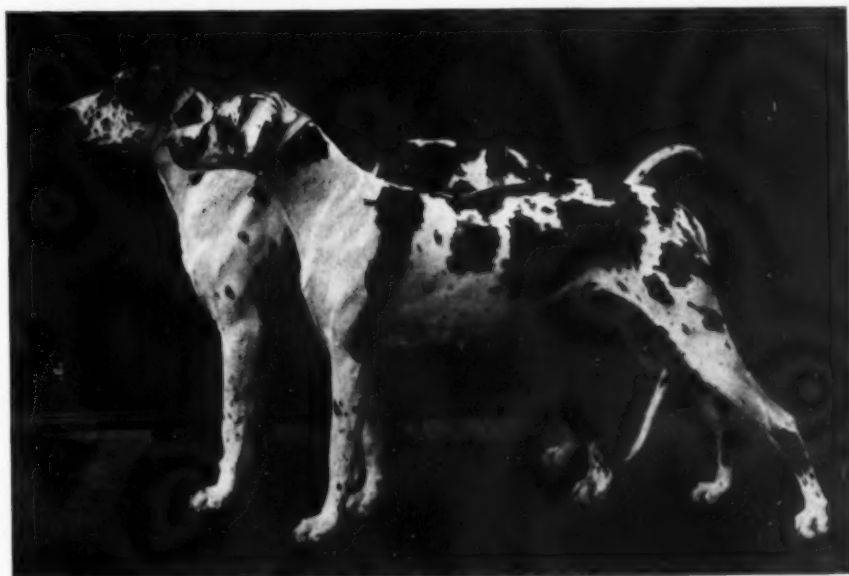


RUBINA OF RUNGMOOK.

at one time was so conspicuous and which we still see on importations? Is the neck as long and graceful as one could wish? It may be that the deportment of the dogs is to blame rather than the actual structure of the neck; but whatever may be the cause, there is no doubt that if the head is carried low we lose that fierce, defiant look that is so attractive.

This week we are enabled to give pictures of a number of Danes which are in the first rank. Mrs. Morell Mackenzie, whose interest in the pursuit is shared by her husband, has a sterling bitch in Wendy, who would have been a champion before this if she had been shown more frequently. On making her *debut* as a seven months old puppy at the Kennel Club 1909 fixture she distinguished herself by winning leading honours in three classes. German judges who have seen her thoroughly

approve her type. Champion Iomar of Loseberry, owned by Miss M. Rowena Tollemache, is another fine example of the striking harlequin marking. Mrs. Hatfield's Zenda of Sudbury enjoys the distinction of being the best bitch puppy brought out during the last twelve months, and it is certainly an achievement



PRESIDENT AND CHAMPION GLORIE OF BRAEMORE.



PORTHOS OF ESPERANCE.



SEIGNIOR OF SEISDON.

to have won a championship when under a year old. In Champion Orus of Lockerbie the Misses Stark and Kirkwood have a dog teeming with quality, in spite of his great size. He has won hundreds of prizes in the keenest competition, and, what is more important, he is impressing his good points upon his progeny. The Braemore Danes are fortunate in being brought up amid ideal surroundings, the kennels being in the loveliest part of the New Forest, in which there is unlimited space for exercising. Miss Stark pays a high tribute to the virtues of her favourites, writing: "Great Danes are delightful companions. Exceedingly good-tempered, they become devoted to their owners and each other. As a general rule they are strong and healthy, standing cold weather very well; but they should have dry and draught-proof sleeping quarters, and be rugged up on very cold nights. They can be easily trained as house companions, and it is astonishing into what a small space they can curl themselves up. I have frequently driven with three of them across London in a hansom or four-wheeler. They are excessively fond of children, allowing themselves to be pulled about and teased with the greatest good temper. As companions in the country they are invaluable, their formidable size striking awe into the souls of tramps and gipsies. In breeding Great Danes, the chief point at which to aim is great size, which must be combined with quality and soundness." The fact that many are too small is



CHAMPION FORTUNA OF LOCKERBIE.

attributed to an insufficiency of meat in the growing months. Mrs. Fielder's Champion Fortuna of Lockerbie has been such a consistent winner during the last two years that praise is superfluous. Dr. and Mrs. Osburne, who have a leading kennel established at Cork, are fortunate in owning such a fine specimen as Oonah of Lindville. This bitch is a rich fawn with black markings, and is possessed of a long clean neck, with a well-

balanced head; she has a short, well-shaped body, standing on the best of legs and feet. Although little shown, she has already placed one championship to her credit. One is fairly safe in saying that Miss Dickinson's Rubina of Rungmook is the best blue in the world, and it is therefore nor surprising to learn that he has a record of over one hundred first prizes. The Hon. W. B. Wrottesley's Seigneur of Seisdon is a black dog who has also taken many prizes at the leading shows. Mr. Wrottesley's testimony to the companionable qualities of the Dane is similar to that of Miss Stark. He suggests that in puppyhood they should be given as much liberty as possible, but not much forced exercise, such as long walks, until they are six months old. Last on our list comes Mrs. Napier Clavering's imported Porthos of

Esperance, a well-marked golden brindle, whose merits may be gathered from the picture. Being cropped, he cannot be pitted against the home-bred dogs, but we can see that he is brimming over with character.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

## ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### A BRITISH VIEW OF GOLF IN THE STATES.

**D**OUBTLESS the first point that strikes the attention of the British golfer in America is the coatlessness of the native players. To the Briton a man thus clad, or unclad, appears no less incongruous on a golf course than in church, and the Briton will remain in his well-covered attitude of criticism towards the coatless golfer of America just so long as he does not take a hand himself in the game, and not a moment longer. That is, to be sure, presuming that he is a summer visitor, for if the season be winter he can hardly cover himself with enough clothes. This is said of the Eastern States, or as far West as Chicago, where most of the golf is played that the Briton will come into contact with. He may come into contact with it, with his coat on, but so soon as he has played a hole or two he will cast that useless encumbrance from him and play for ever after, while in the States, in the relatively nude condition that he had condemned at first. It is altogether too hot, and the heat is too humid. All prejudices about coats are quickly melted out of him.

The coat is a very minor point, and the next that he will observe is associated with temperature also. He will rejoice in the warmth of a welcome and a hospitality which will make him feel at home at once, and ought to make him play his very best game. And that he will need to do. I speak now of the amateurs—and it is perhaps a good point about the American golf that the players take comparatively very little interest in the doings of their professionals. It is the amateur performances and performers that they watch with attention. And the amateurs are very good. My own opinion is that they are very fine indeed in the long game, very straight and very powerful. Their short game did not seem to equal it, and this is the more curious because their putting greens are very good and true indeed. They are not content until they have their greens at a far better pitch than we think it necessary to have ours. On the other hand, they have no seaside courses in the technical sense. They have none of that which the Scot distinctively calls "links," irrespective of any golf being played on it. I think it would be right to say that they have inland courses carried to the highest possible point of perfection, and since a

good many of these are cut out of woodland, it follows that the penalty for crooked driving is as severe as big trees flanking the course can make it, which is as much as to say that it is practically the death penalty. It is unfortunate that one of the oldest courses in the country, which is laid out on some of the best land for golf that they have, on the Shinnecock Hills, is planned after the antiquated fashion of setting the player to drive over a flag set on an undulation of the ground. It is a succession of the blindest of blind shots and of wasted opportunities for better things. Adjacent is the National Golf Course of America, where the last word of the links architect has been said. It is a triumph of intelligent arrangement, and will be, I think, the best inland course in the world.

The American does not grudge money for his golf, as we grudge it, and this is not only because he is four times as rich, his dollar playing no better a game in the way of buying things for him than our shilling, but also because he has very little other opportunity of spending money on sport. It is wonderful what a difference the coming of golf has made to the life of men, and of women too, in the States. Almost all the men are in business there, and before golf came they had little or no pastime except some aimless riding, and a little lawn tennis, perhaps yachting—which is hardly exercise. But now they all play golf. Of course, there are other games in the States. They have baseball and football, but these are simply spectacular for the amateur after he leaves college. They would no more think of taking part in them than the Governor of the Bank of England would think of riding the favourite in the Derby.

In several directions the Briton will have to recast his ideas in course of a golfing visit to the States, and one of these is the idea very prevalent here that the American's notion of golf and of all games is of something of which the chief point is the winning, the result, rather than the enjoyment of its pursuit. The Briton starting his American golfing life under this delusion will find it quickly dispelled. He will find himself in company with men playing the game "for pleasure," as they do not always in the Old Country. He will find his playfellows really not so much disposed as those with whom he has golfed in Great Britain to be strictly faithful to what the immortal Sarah Battle



called "the rigour of the game." They take their golf lightly, and it is very pleasant to take part in. They even carry to a fault their regardlessness of the rules. As long as they conform to the spirit they are not very particular about the letter, either for themselves or their opponents, and this, very surely, is as much as to say that they play the game absolutely in the best spirit possible.

But they never play it in foursomes. Never is a big word, no doubt, but in the course of a visit of some weeks it did not happen to the present writer to see that form of match. They will play singles, or three or four or even more ball matches; if five or six of them are gathered together and there is anything like a clear green, they are more likely than not to go out in a covey, instead of splitting up into twos and threes, and proceed to play all against all. It does not seem to matter how many there may be in a match—the more the merrier—but this they are quite decided about, that they want to be hitting the ball "every time," and therefore that the kind of match in which you hit it only every other time is not the slightest use to them. That is how they feel about it, and that is how they act.

On some of the American courses the grasshopper is innumerable, and there are, moreover, a great number of very bright and large butterflies, of the fritillary family. Just as you address your ball a huge grasshopper—or locust—plays leap-frog over it, or a butterfly of something like the size and brilliancy of a spangled winged fairy in the pantomime makes to alight on it, taking it for a daisy. One wonders how some of the "jumpy" golfers at home would endure these entomological studies thus forced upon them at the least desirable moment. But the native does not care. He is not at all troubled by little things, and, let it be said briefly and finally, there is not a more agreeable man in the world to play golf with than the American. The only trouble about him, for a serious match, is that there is a great possibility that he may play too well. H. G. H.

#### RULES FOR BOGEY.

REGARDING the rules for Boge play which the Rules of Golf Committee have suggested at the request of the Midland Golf Association, and which that body has now approved and adopted, it is interesting to note that they are in substantial conformity with the ideas about Boge play which prevail in the United States. As far as it goes, it is to be hoped that this may work in the direction of healing the breach between the golfing methods in the States and in this country, with which some folk threaten us as the result of the late meeting of the United States Golf Association at Chicago. The general principle which has guided the suggestions of the Rules Committee is that Boge play is a "series of stroke competitions in which play is against a fixed score at each hole," and the whole scheme seems to work out to a logical conclusion from this basis. Although these Boge rules are not issued with any authoritative sanction of wider extent than that of the legislation of the Midland Golf Association, it is more than likely that they will come into general adoption and be recognised as a good working code.

#### THE CADDIE AND THE LOST BALL.

With its ordinary annual report—as usual, a very satisfactory one—the council of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club is sending out a leaflet stating that they have arranged with Morris and Youds, the resident professionals at Hoylake,

to stamp, free of cost, the initials of members to whom they sell bails upon these balls. The idea is that this will diminish the temptation of caddies and others to steal them, and the further arrangement has been made that a member applying to the professionals can have return made to him, on payment of sixpence, of any ball found with his initials on it and brought to them. Of this sixpence the finder will receive fourpence, the twopence balance presumably going to the "receiver" for his trouble. The sure and honest fourpence ought to be a stronger inducement than the uncertain and dangerous reward which might be reaped by "conveying" the ball, as the wise folk call it. Therefore it is to be hoped that the scheme will work for all good, both of members' purses and of caddies' morals, and it may be worth the notice and imitation of other clubs where there has been similar trouble. There are plenty of them.

#### MR. A. R. PATERSON.

The apparition—an exceedingly substantial one—of Mr. "Archie" Paterson on the links never fails to inspire me with some of that sentiment of reverence with which, when we were at Oxford together, I used to regard him as president of the University Boat Club. He was also a great football player in what was almost the greatest day of Oxford as a Rugby football team. He is a good golfer, though his rowing and his football were better than his golf. He is also a force in golfing opinion in the North, and as captain of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers has done very good work, not for that society only, but for the game generally. Probably it would not be easy to find a man who has made

friends so numerous and foes so rarely along the path of life; yet, with a big red flag, marshalling a crowd of golfing spectators, he can still show an energy reminiscent of days when he was a Rugby forward. H. G. H.

#### AN AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION FOR PRESTWICK.

An amateur championship is hardly itself nowadays without a foreign invader. We have had at different times Mr. Travis, Mr. Travers, Mr. Byers and Mr. Lyon. Now I hear of two particularly interesting and formidable invaders for the Prestwick meeting, Mr. Clyde Pearce and his brother, Mr. Bruce Pearce, from Australia. They are still both of them quite young, but Mr. Clyde Pearce in particular has already earned great fame, for he has won both the amateur and the open championship of his native country. Possibly the professional opposition in Australia is not very strong, judged by our standards, for three amateurs have at different times won the open championship—Mr. Pearce, the left-handed Mr. Felstead, and Mr. Michael Scott, who is well known over here. Nevertheless, Mr. Pearce is beyond doubt a very good player indeed, and his game will be watched with the greatest interest, especially as it will be the first specimen of purely Australian golf that we shall have had the chance of seeing. I had the first news of this invasion in a letter from Mr. Frank Upcher, who was captain of the Cambridge side in 1895, and led it most gallantly to a somewhat surprising victory over Oxford at Sandwich. He was a very good player then, and I have no doubt is so still, though he tells me that he only leaves his orchard in Tasmania to play golf about once a year.

#### OUR INVADING ARCHITECTS.

While these fine Australian players are preparing to swoop down upon us, our golfing architects are busily invading other people. Indeed, their fame seems to be spreading to the ends of the earth. While Mr. Herbert Fowler is laying out a course at San Sebastian, Mr. Colt is shortly to descend upon America and

Canada. He sets sail in March, going first to Detroit, where there is apparently a new course to be made or an old one to be remodelled. Thence he flits to Toronto upon a similar errand. A glance at a book of reference informs me that Toronto has already three golf clubs, so that Canadian golf is very clearly going ahead. Mr. Colt will be back in plenty of time for the London foursomes at Sunningdale, and also, I hope, since we should dearly love to beat Hoylake, for the Oxford and Cambridge Society's tour. Unfortunately, however, there seems to be a clashing of dates between these two events. Truly our architects are becoming second only to commercial travellers in the rapidity and variety of their peregrinations. B. D.



MR. A. R. PATERSON.

## MR. GEORGE GREY.

SO many people nowadays shoot big game, and modern weapons, so vastly improved since the days of the old elephant-hunters, have minimised risks to such an extent, that one is apt to forget that the pursuit of many species is at all times attended by grave danger. Only when some sudden and unforeseen tragedy occurs is the fact brought home to one. Under ordinary circumstances a man armed with a modern rifle who can keep his head, will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, vanquish the beast; the hundredth time the victor becomes the vanquished. The brain may be a second late in taking in the danger, the handwork not quite in unison with the eye, or, forgetful in a moment of excitement of the lessons of a lifetime, an act of rashness will be repaid by death. The terrible nature of such disasters is all the more vividly impressed on the mind when the victim is a man of wide experience, to whom risks of this nature were of frequent occurrence. To the long list of Englishmen who, urged by duty or inclination, have spent much of their lives in the wild places of the earth and have there met death must be added the name of Mr. George Grey. Only forty-five years of age, a man of great experience who had served with distinction in both the Matabele Wars, of no mean reputation as an elephant-hunter, and who had travelled over many parts of Africa, he

was severely mauled by a lion and died at Nairobi last Friday night. He was one of the few Englishmen who have shot a bongo, an entire specimen of which he presented to Mr. Roosevelt, and on his last trip, when he made his way up the Nile to Khartoum, he brought back a fine lot of ivory. An experience of his with an elephant was almost unique, for he found one of the huge brutes, badly scorched in a forest fire, standing in the Nile endeavouring to cool its parched skin. He knew Rhodesia well, and had visited Katanga, to the west of Lake Bangweolo in Central Africa. Details of the tragedy by which he met his death are not yet known. Mr. Grey and Sir Alfred Pease with some friends were hunting near the Athi River, when some lions were seen, and Mr. Grey rashly outstripped the rest of the party. He fired, one of the lions turned, seized him, and in the words of the telegram, "worried him like a rat." His sad death serves to warn others that, in spite of cinematograph and lassoing expeditions, the lion is still a dangerous beast, and that a moment of rashness may be fraught with terrible penalties. The cause of the disaster cannot yet be known; though a lion is not a stayer, he is very fast for a short distance, and may have pulled Mr. Grey off his pony ere he realised his proximity. It may have been due to a misfire, or to a dozen different causes. Nothing can now alter the terrible result, but Mr. Grey's sad end serves to show that the pursuit of the lion and certain other beasts of the chase cannot be undertaken without the greatest precaution.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### SINGED PIG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I add a small contribution to your literature on the subject of preparing the pig for food? In Suffolk he was, I think, always scalded and his flesh was called universally "pork." Perhaps the Suffolk man, who is singularly intelligent and fond of reading, had kept that term from his remembrance of "Ivanhoe." In Berkshire they have two modes of dealing with the carcase. If they want to "pork" it they scald the pig. But their general method is to burn him, and then the meat cut out for roasting is termed "pig meat." I used to think till I read your last number that each method was a relic, one of the Saxons and the other of the Normans. But it appears from your correspondent's letter about Normandy, which is confirmed to me by a friend who has lived elsewhere in France, that this cannot be. The burning or singeing of the dead pig, however, is of very ancient origin. Those of your readers who remember their Greek will call to mind the line in the *Odyssey* when the Swineherd

his tunic quickly girding, passed  
Forth to the sties wherein the swine were pent.  
Twain he selected, and with diligent haste  
Killed, singed and carved them.

—O. CORNISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should think that the practice of singeing a pig as described at Caudebec is an ancient custom, or at any rate general in France in olden times, for I find in "L'Avare" (which was written about 1668) the following dialogue:

Act V., Scene 2:

JACQUES. . . . Have his  
throat cut at once;  
have his feet singed;  
put him in boiling  
water, and hang him  
up to the ceiling.  
HARPAGON. What! Him who  
has robbed me?  
JACQUES. I was speaking of a  
sucking pig that  
your steward has  
just sent me; and I  
want to have it  
dressed for you after  
my own fancy.

(I quote from Wall's translation.)  
Mentioning singeing the feet leads me  
to think that the usual treatment for  
a grown pig would be singeing. Again  
it is implied the method here used is  
something unusual.—IDA V. COTTON.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—A *propos* of the letters which I  
have seen lately in *COUNTRY LIFE*, I  
recall that the look of singed pig was  
not so appetising as the flitches one  
sees hanging up nowadays. It certainly  
looked black and coarse; but then it  
was appreciated by the farmer and his  
men. It was the custom then to feed  
the shepherds and shearers at sheep-  
shearing times, and once the cook  
peeled the rind off a bacon joint and  
dressed it with raspings, but no shearer  
would touch it in that form. It was  
not bacon. They could not make out

what it was. Those were the good old times of home-baked bread and home-brewed ale, when a man enjoyed working from five o'clock in the morning till nine at night.—X. FARMER.

### A TALE OF A SHARK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I give you some account of a large fish of the shark species that followed an open boat all the way across the loch from this shore (Ruadhacarrig) to a point west of St. Catharine's. The lady steering the boat was Mrs. Henry Callander, and her husband, Mr. Henry Callander, was rowing, as was Captain Hume. They had only got a little away from land when a large fish "made" for them, and kept so near that it could easily have been touched with an oar. Its aspect was so threatening and unpleasant that Mr. Henry Callander thought of scaring it with a blow. He was dissuaded, however, from so doing. Both he and Captain Hume are retired naval officers, and have been all over the world, Captain Hume having seen service. Curiously enough, the fish was captured that night by Mr. MacLachlan. It had rolled itself up in the net, as such fish frequently do, cutting them to pieces, often to such an extent that the fishermen at times cut the net and let the animal sink. Here it is called the blue-fin shark. It has three rows of teeth, of which I send you a specimen. According to the measurements taken by Mr. James L. Carrick, who is a learned botanist and head of the Private Roads Department here, the shark was seven feet six inches long. It had a large triangular dorsal fin; its girth was four feet; breadth of tail, lobe to lobe, two feet three inches. Mr. Carrick says that Mr. Colin Munro, a sailor who has been all over the globe, told him it was the ordinary shark that followed the ships. Mrs. Henry Callander gives the date October 30th. They had called at and lunched at the Castle, and then called here, so the hour would have been between three and four. She says: "It followed nearly the whole way, only leaving us when we came near this shore. We could easily have touched it with a boat-hook or stick. It disappeared into deep water, and we did not see it again." Perhaps some of your readers will give their views of this shark. Of course we are all familiar with dog-fish; but this animal's fin above the water decidedly gave the impression that it was a shark. The three rows of teeth would, of course, make a terribly mauling wound, but it may not be the true shark of the Red Sea, Indian Ocean and other Tropical seas.—ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

### A WHIMBREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a drawing of a whimbrel I shot last year at Lichfield. As it was rather a rare specimen and a good one at that, I had it stuffed, and have drawn it myself in my spare time. I thought it rather a peculiar place to find such a bird feeding on the marches of the Trent, off which I flushed it while out duck-shooting.—J. CAVE BIGLEY.



A WHIMBREL FROM LICHFIELD.



## WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND THE PUBLIC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Most people think they know the Abbey well, and there must be few Englishmen who have been to London without entering it. Its treasures are so great,



FRAGMENTS OF THE OLD CLOISTER AT WESTMINSTER.

however, that it needs an almost infinite series of visits before they become familiar. Until 1909, moreover, it was only the church of the thirteenth century that was readily visible to the enquirer. Of Edward the Confessor's buildings there are substantial remains, some of which appear in the accompanying photographs. The last doorway at the south end of the east cloister gives us entrance to the Chapel of the Pyx, with its fine central pillar supporting the vaulted roof. This was once the Abbey treasury, but at some date it was taken by the Government to form a place of safety for the standards of weight and measure. These were kept in a box or pyx, hence the chapel's name. His Majesty's Office of Works is to be thanked for this fresh proof of zeal in making better known the antiquities within its care, but visitors must beware that it is open on Tuesdays and Fridays only, and that very soon the whole Abbey will be shut for Coronation preparations. The Abbey authorities, who control the adjoining range of the undercroft, are not behindhand in a like thoughtfulness. Continuous with the east cloister and running southwards is a long, low vaulted passage known as the Dark Cloister. From this one enters a fine undercroft of five bays vaulted in two spans. The vaulting was repaired in part with rather uncompromising concrete by Sir Gilbert Scott, but two of the piers are little changed from their first condition. The groining is plain, with square rib arches, and traces are here and there to be seen of the original painted decoration. The immediate purpose of the chamber is to serve as a museum, and it has been put in order as a memorial to the late Mr. Micklethwaite, the late surveyor to the Dean and Chapter, by his successor, Professor Lethaby. To the latter's care we owe the setting up against its southern wall of fragments of three bays of the old Norman cloister arcade. Not less interesting are the wooden funeral effigies of some of the English sovereigns, earlier far than the waxen figures, known as the Ragged Regiment, which are kept in the upper chapel of Abbot Islip. When it is realised that the Chapel of the Pyx and the adjoining undercroft represent most of what is left of the Confessor's building, doubtless there will be a fresh spirit of pilgrimage to what must always be the supreme work of art in England.—C. G.

## PLOUGH MONDAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much interested in your correspondent's letter on "Plough Monday," as it is a custom which has often been described to me by a dear old friend of mine who lives in our village, an ex-labourer and a first-rate *raconteur*, and that in purest Derbyshire dialect. Here those who took the plough round were known as the "plough bullocks," and I have heard that on one occasion a furrow was ploughed right up to the Rectory drive, by which we may conclude that the rector of that time did not approve of the custom or was not of a generous disposition. Another custom of that time—about sixty years ago—has been described by the same old friend as "randannin." This was a sort of punishment meted out to wife-beaters or those who were known to have been indulging in any form of violent "family row." As far as I can gather, a party of the roughest and most "sperity" characters in the village would dress themselves up in various strange garments and form themselves into a sort of band, armed with such instruments as whistles, old tins, etc. They would then betake themselves, either on foot or in a farm waggon, to the house of the aforesaid offenders,

in front of which they would enact a kind of caricature performance of the scene which was known or supposed to have taken place in the house. I believe the proceedings usually ended in a free fight, the infuriated householder (and probably his friends) rushing out to belabour his tormentors. A contemporary custom, but far more peaceable than either of those above, was known as "a-Thomasin," and took place on St. Thomas's Day, when one or two of the oldest and poorest women in the parish would go and solicit alms from the squire, rector and other well-to-do inhabitants.—MARGARET MEYNELL.

## THE LABOURER'S FOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of January 21st your correspondent "W." puts the following questions: What is the price of bread to-day? How much weight of wheat is required to make a sack (20st.) of flour? How many quartern loaves of bread can a baker make from a sack of flour? What is the gross profit that he makes on a sack of flour? I believe the following figures may be taken to be fairly accurate. I take a quarter of wheat and follow it to the flour and bread stages. One quarter (504lb.) of mixed foreign and home wheat (two-thirds foreign and one-third home) will yield as follows:

350lb. flour .. .. .	70 per cent.
144lb. offal .. .. .	28 per cent.
10lb. waste .. .. .	2 per cent.

504lb. 100 per cent.

Twenty stone (280lb.) of this flour will produce about ninety-four 4lb. loaves; so 350lb. of flour will give one hundred and eighteen loaves, or 472lb. of bread. The 4lb. loaf costs at present in the North sixpence. We get, therefore, the following statement of quantities and values:

504lb. wheat—two-thirds foreign, at say, 37s. .. ..	8. 24 8
" one-third Home " 33s. .. ..	11 0
	35 8
350lb. flour at 1s. 6d. per stone .. ..	37 6
144lb. offal .. ..	6 5
	43 11
472lb. bread at 1½d. per lb. .. ..	59 0

The miller, therefore, has a gross profit between buying and selling of 8s. 3d. per quarter of wheat, and the baker has a gross profit of 21s. 6d. between the buying and selling of the 350lb. of flour which is yielded by a quarter of wheat. Of course, in the case of the miller there is generally carriage on the wheat to pay and also the cost of delivery of the flour and offals, in addition to the cost of manufacture; and the baker has all his costs of baking and distribution to meet out of the 21s. 6d. Roughly speaking, therefore, the housewife who does her own baking gets as much bread for 20s. as the non-baking housekeeper pays 30s. for.—C.

## DESTRUCTION OF RARE BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During the latter part of the year which is just past two examples of the hoopoe—a lovely creature—were obtained within a few days of each other, one at Elham, on the South Coast, and the other at Pitlochry, in the North of Scotland. The last issue of *Bird Notes and News*, the organ of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, records the conviction of the Elham offender, who was fined two shillings and sixpence and one pound seven shillings costs, the bird being ordered to be forfeited. In the meantime the owner of the Pitlochry hoopoe remains in undisputed possession of his specimen, as it seems that in Perthshire the bird receives absolutely no protection during the six months ending March 1st, and no penalty attaches to its destruction. Such a state of things is highly unsatisfactory, and shows all too plainly that the existing protective measures are quite inadequate for the protection of the casual feathered visitor. Even when the offender is caught, red-handed, shooting a legally protected bird, and the charge is fully proved, as in the Elham case, he is not infrequently let off with the payment of a paltry fine or costs, which amount to much less than the market value of the dead bird. What is wanted is a general law protecting all rare and beautiful birds who visit our shores, and giving magistrates power to suspend the gun licence for some years in the case of a



THE CHAPEL OF THE PYX.

first conviction for killing any such protected species, and on a second conviction the revocation of the licence altogether. Is it too much to hope that some member of the present Parliament will take up the matter with energy and persistence, and secure the enactment of a comprehensive law or an amendment on the lines herein indicated? The hoopoe is only an occasional visitor, but, still, it comes sufficiently often to indicate that if encouraged instead of being shot at sight it would take up its abode with us. It has, indeed, been known to nest in Kent more than once.—JOSEPH COLLINSON.

#### ON STONY GROUND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph of a fine ash, the trunk of which is completely separated from the earth by an enormous boulder, may be of interest to your readers. The seed must have settled in a crevice in the rock, germinated and sent its main roots along the crack, finally reaching the earth at each end of the boulder, thus firmly tying it to the ground. The roots as they have increased in size have also split the rock. This curious tree is to be found near the little village of Roe Wen, in the Vale of Conway, a few miles from the town of that name.—G. WANSEY SMITH.

#### "A SPLENDID JUMP."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I am much interested in the photograph in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, "Measuring the Leap," and the short account of same, "A Splendid Jump," as I have a three year old by Red Prince II., the sire of Red Monk. You instance in your comments that Empress jumped bigger at Liverpool. Now, as a mare named Empress won the Grand National in 1880, she being the dam of Red Prince II., it will be additionally interesting to know if it is this celebrated mare you allude to, and what was the distance she covered.—H. U. DICKINSON.

[Empress, the winner of the Grand National in 1880, was the mare mentioned in our note. She was credited with having cleared thirty one feet five inches over the Grand National.—ED.]

#### THE CHOIR OF ST. PAUL'S.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—Architects have reason to be grateful to you for the splendid photographs of the famous woodwork in the choir of St. Paul's, together with Mr. Avray Tipping's most interesting and detailed account of the wood-workers of the period. Owing to the gloom that so often pervades the choir, many will probably see the detail for the first time in your illustrations. The beautiful composition of the back of the stalls towards the choir aisles, shown on page 45, has always seemed to me to be the high-water mark of architectural joinery. My reason for addressing you, however, is a feeling that somewhat hard measure is dealt out to those responsible for the change in the position of the organ made about 1860. The "latch for vistas" is surely a trivial way of disposing of the difficulties of the situation with which they had to deal. Of St. Paul's as it was Sidney Smith could write how he deplored the insignificant part that it had played in the religious life of London. Without venturing into controversial matters, let me simply suggest that closed choirs, like St. Paul's was, and Canterbury, by the nature of its levels, must always be, involve separate services. If, therefore, the great area of the dome was to be used, either the existing choir must have been brought into touch with it or a separate new choir have been formed. The late G. E. Street, with characteristic boldness, did propose this drastic course,



"THE WHISKY JACK," OR "CAMP-ROBBER."

and pointed to the cathedral of Florence as a suitable model which would have given us an area enclosed by Cancelli under the eye of the dome. We may, however, doubt whether the change could have been better made than it has been, and some recognition is really due to the late Mr. Penrose for a rearrangement of the organ

which was as successful as the nature of the case allowed. Miss Phillimore, in her *Life of Wren*, page 274, asserts that Wren contemplated a divided organ with a central opening. The whole subject received very great attention, and a genuine effort was made to deal with a most difficult situation,



AN ASH WHICH GREW IN THE CREVICE OF A ROCK.

Moreover, the aspect of St. Paul's on any afternoon, and especially on Sundays, suggests that so zealous and far-sighted a Churchman as Wren would condone the liberties taken in view of the conspicuous result achieved.—LONDONER AND ARCHITECT.

#### THE CANADA JAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—When camping in Eastern Canada last autumn, I became acquainted with an interesting bird, the Canada jay. It has a variety of local names, such as "Whisky Jack," "Camp-robber," "Hudson's Bay bird" and "Moose-bird." The Indians call him "Whiskachan" or "Wis-kat-jan"—"Whisky Jack" is supposed to be a corruption of this. He gets the name of Moose-bird because he is an alarmist, and warns the moose of approaching hunters. The scientific name is *Perisoreus canadensis*. He is a native of the northern regions of America, being seldom met with further south than the State of Maine. Canadian hunters and lumbermen have a superstitious respect for these birds, fearing the ill-luck that is said to result from killing one, and Whisky Jack seems to have discovered this fact. Scarcely has the winter traveller in the cold northern regions chosen a suitable place to camp in the forest, cleared away the snow, lighted his fire and prepared his tent when Whisky Jack pays him a visit, and boldly descends into the social circle to pick up any crumbs that may escape the mouths of the hungry men and sledge-dogs. At the fur posts and trading stations of the Far North he is a regular attendant, becoming very tame. He has the mischievous sagacity of watching trappers set their marten-traps, from which he steals the bait. He is perfectly omnivorous. He feeds on worms, insects and flesh, and lays up stores of berries in hollow trees for winter. At times he is driven by severe weather to feeding upon lichens. In my camp two jays became very tame. They would swoop down on my improvised dinner-table and carry off anything in the shape of food. Butter or fat pork were delicacies they seemed to find especially attractive, but they are given to pilfering practically everything eatable within reach. I once surprised one in the act of carrying off a cake of yellow soap! When leaving camp for a day's hunting we had to take great precautions to stow away all eatables safely out of the Camp-robber's way. The same pair of jays visited my camp every day for weeks, always appearing regularly at mealtimes, and growing bolder each day, until finally one of them ate from my hand. They fly in pairs as a rule, and have a great variety of notes. They usually utter a plaintive cry or keep up a friendly chattering with each other, which gets louder and more vehement when food appears in sight. They are about the size of an English thrush, the colour is ashy grey, the head smoky black, the forehead and breast whitish grey, wings and tail darker grey tipped with white. The nest is made of dry twigs, shreds of birch bark and moss, thickly lined with feathers. It is usually built in a coniferous tree and concealed with great care. The eggs, four or five in number, are light grey spotted with darker grey and buff. It is surprising that they hatch in the

cold weather, for, I am told, the hardy brood, which are all black at first, are often reared before the snow has completely disappeared. When caught they seldom survive long, but pine away with the loss of their accustomed freedom.—A. B.